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THE
BOOKMAN

SPOTLIGHT OR FAME?

By John Erskine

IF a popular writer today ever asks himself what his chances are for fame, he may well conclude that popularity is all he should hope for. He must see that the public have become accustomed to reading books but once, as they read a newspaper; that to maintain his position he must continue to bring out new books; and that when he comes to an end, other writers will take his place. He will notice also that authors who once reached a large audience now miss their old effect even though they continue to produce books—as though they had left the track of popularity without knowing it. He may wonder whether they are merely repeating themselves before an audience that must have novelty, or whether—(comfort too tempting!)—their work has improved beyond the public taste.

However he analyzes it, the tendency he observes in our writing is a tendency toward journalism instead of art. The reward of journalistic success may be popularity, the temporary spotlight, but it cannot be fame. Fame is continued admiration for something that endures. The service that journalism renders us is too great not to have a vast appreciation, but the service is for a day, and the interest of a day is novelty, news, and the reward of news is the headline or the spotlight, not fame. Our books are largely written as news, advertised as news, criticized as news. Mr. Van Loon writes that James Harvey Robinson's new book "is a bomb". Another very contemporary critic says that Mr. Van Loon's own new book "has all the thrills of a Nick Carter detective story". Since the books so described are studies in history, we might expect them to have the praise of being true, but truth and news are not necessarily the same thing. To call a book a bomb or to compare it to a Nick Carter story is to give it the praise of news, which goes off but once. Mr. Van Loon and Mr. Robinson must write other books

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if they wish to hold the spotlight; the bombs of memory, however cherished, cannot compete with actual noises.

The journalistic tendency is felt perhaps in all the arts, but most in books and in the theatre, less in music, still less in painting, and least in architecture and sculpture. From these last we can learn, if we need a reminder, what are the conditions of enduring art, and what, in contrast to popularity, is fame. Sculpture and architecture, from the substantial nature of their medium, must submit to be looked at more than once, to be lived with, finally to be judged by the good opinions of many men over a long period of time; and a good opinion of such work, so lived with, will depend less on the first impression than on habitual contact. For such work popularity is difficult, if not impossible. "Three Soldiers" is a popular book; the Farragut statue in Madison Square is not a popular statue. What statue is popular? It can have only the better kind of success, if any; like the Farragut, it can be famous, loved and returned to over an indefinite length of time. For we can read a book once and throw it aside, or hear music or see a play but once, and then criticize it; it lies entirely in our choice whether we shall read or hear twice. How different our criticism would be if it were based on at least half a dozen readings and hearings.

It would be a misfortune to seem to be attacking journalism as such; what is here intended is only to distinguish between journalism and art. Art is the expression of life we can live with habitually. But there is much about life which we ought to know, and yet we do not care to dwell on, nor even enjoy hearing the first time. To give us this, along with other news, is the function of journalism. Mrs. Stowe's disclosure of Byron's private life may have been as necessary to print as she thought it was, in the interest of justice and morality, but it was journalism, not art. As much may be said today for Mr. O'Neill's plays, which as they follow each other in journalistic succession maintain a journalistic success by bringing headline news of society. If Mr. O'Neill should stop writing now, would his plays hold the stage? Of course the question is irrelevant if he is primarily concerned with educating us to the truth, as Mrs. Stowe was, but if he has an artist's interest in the permanent audience, in the judgment that ripens with long acquaintance, he may ask himself whether he has written anything yet that human beings will care to live with. "Three Soldiers", to return to the striking example, was frankly advertised and properly criticized as journalism, as news, revelations of the now-it-can-be-told kind. In what he had to tell, Mr. Dos Passos, like Mrs. Stowe in her Byron story, may have been wrong, and nothing worse can be said of news than that it is not correct. But whether wrong or right, the book will be read widely as long as the psychology of the American soldier is a subject of popular debate, and then it will become as forgotten as Mrs. Stowe's far more sensational paper. For all we know, Mr. Dos Passos may be an artist as well as a journalist. When he begins the career of the artist, he will learn the old truth about art, that it is long, and that its reward in fame comes slowly. The same experience will come to Scott Fitzgerald and Dorothy Speare, or to any others who bring us news of the Younger Generation; they now enjoy our gratitude for the news, but in that kind of popularity there are always the seeds of neglect and obscurity—

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they must bring us more news, and more news, and they must keep up to date, or we will have another town crier. And what town crier, for all the attention he got, ever had fame?

It would be a misfortune also to seem to say that the author who misses popularity is necessarily an artist, or that even temporary success is not to be admired. But in American letters we are beginning to wonder why our great successes are so transitory; why a writer who sells more copies of his first book than did Thackeray or Dickens, does not continue like them to reach a large public with succeeding books; and why he does not, like them, continue to be read after he has ceased to write. The explanation suggested is that most American writers, not only today but throughout the last twenty-five years, have written as journalists—have put out their material not as life but as news about life, and the critics have discussed it as news, and the readers have come to look for the news in it, and for nothing else. Some novelists still writing began their work with successful stories of local color, which we read in order to learn about Louisiana or Pennsylvania or the middle west; having got the information we were looking for, we went elsewhere to look into other novelties. It goes without saying that in this process we readers have done injustice to many a work of art; "Old Creole Days" and "Main Traveled Roads" have something for the permanent reader, as well as for the news seeker, and "Trilby"—to speak of an English book—is still a magnificent romance of friendship and chivalry, though it expired of its own success as a bulletin from the Latin Quarter and a document in hypnotism.

Are we doing a similar injustice to works of art today, by asking of them only a temporary service? How many of us will read a novel or a poem more than once, or will go several times to the same play? How many young writers care to aim at such an audience, who ask of art the privilege of entering themselves into the novel or poem or play, of living the lives of the characters, of falling in love with hero or heroine, of hating the villain, and of repeating this experience with deeper emotions on each rereading? The future of our literature is bound up with such questions. We shall have plenty of stories of the studious or psychological kind, plenty of philosophical or social minded novels and poems, but that is not enough; we must have the opportunity to reach experience in our own imagination, and do our own thinking about it. The author's point of view, if presented apart from life or with life only as an illustration of it, is after all nothing but news. We read a book by Mr. Keynes to get his latest ideas on the economics of the Treaty, or a book by Mr. Shaw to see what he will say next, or one by Winston Churchill, once an artist, to see whether we share his opinion of the churches or his guesses about immortality; but to art we return to meet old friends like Tom Sawyer or Leatherstocking or David Harum or Doctor Lavendar, to be with them, to come under their influence, to reflect upon their fortunes. I thought I saw such art in "The Age of Innocence", but most of my neighbors read the book as a sort of Baedeker of old New York, to catch Mrs. Wharton in mistakes of information. Now I think I see such art in Joseph Anthony's "The Gang", which I read with pleasure the more undisturbed because my neighbors find in it no news at all, and therefore leave it alone.

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AN EDITORIAL ADVENTURE STORY

By Trumbull White

THIS is the story of a quest for buried treasure. It includes no cryptic chart found in a seaman's chest, with "Treasure Island" marked in red, nor any old manuscript which should guide one to Cocos Key. Instead this is an editorial adventure story, a search for a buried literary treasure, rather than one of pirate gold and jewels. And because I was the one to carry the search as far as it could go, it is necessary to tell the story in the first person.

E. W. Hornung, who died last year in Paris, was one of those holding title to the hidden treasure. He was the third essential figure to pass away since the quest began. The first was Kyrle Bellew, who died eleven years ago; the other Charles Frohman, who lost his life when the "Lusitania" was assassinated in 1915.

Sherlock Holmes, created as a master detective some thirty years ago by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, is unquestionably one of the most widely known characters in all literature. Ten years later Raffles, a master in whimsical crime, was, in turn, created by E. W. Hornung; and the amateur cracksman was soon hardly second to the detective in the universality of acquaintance with him which the reading world enjoyed. The names of both have been adopted into the language as characterizations. It is a detail of interest that Hornung, in the early years of his literary success, married Constance Doyle, the sister of Conan Doyle. Thereby, we might declare, Raffles and Holmes became brothers-in-law.

Many people have agreed that it would be interesting to pit Raffles and Holmes against each other in the commission of a crime and the detection of it. Magazine editors have prospected the possibility by one means and another. There is even one who tells me of an optimistic capitalist who was prepared to invest in the establishing of a new magazine if he could arrange for this feature to start it off with a flare. A tracing of the circumstances under which the efforts were made always brings me back to the conviction that I originated the idea, and may fairly go on record with the story.

In February, 1903, I was engaged as editor of a new magazine established in Chicago by a firm of merchants who had surplus capital and courage. The first number of "The Red Book" was issued under date of May, 1903. In attempting to plan features for the young publication, I conceived the idea of a serial story, or a series of short stories, in which Holmes and Raffles should strive against each other, the chapters to be written jointly or in alternation by Doyle and Hornung. Visionary as it was to think of such a thing for "The Red Book" at that time, I brooded over it.

About the same time a new literary agency was formed under the name of the Trans-Atlantic Press Alliance. The London representative was

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Thomas W. Hanshew, who himself became known as the creator of a fictional detective, "Cleek, the man of forty faces". The New York office was under the management of Seth Westcott Moyle. Moyle saw a new magazine, from Chicago, and straightway came there to develop a new customer. He rendered service to the young publication and he volunteered other service at home or abroad. In a moment of premature confidence the Holmes-Raffles idea was mentioned and Moyle, with characteristic eagerness, leaped upon it as something to be done at once. He put the matter before his London partners, who made a preliminary inquiry as to the possibilities and got a prompt negative. In later years Sir Arthur has told me that he did not know at that time where the thing started, though he knew the first approach came from Moyle.

In the early spring of 1906, Joseph Hamblen Sears, then president of D. Appleton and Company, bought for that house "The Booklovers' Magazine", theretofore published in Philadelphia. Mr. Sears invited me to New York for a Sunday call to discuss the possibility of my becoming the editor. We had a two hour talk at the Century Club, during which he asked me if I had any idea for a feature which would put the magazine on the map. I promptly brought out my old rainbow and displayed it.

Mr. Sears agreed that it was a good idea, quite worth doing, but probably impossible to arrange. However, he was going to London a little later, and would undertake the negotiations. D. Appleton and Company were then the publishers in America for Conan Doyle, and Sears knew the London situation intimately. In May, when I reached New York to assume my new position as editor of "Appleton's Magazine", his interest was still lively.

The plan involved serial rights for "Appleton's Magazine" and book rights for D. Appleton and Company. Besides that, the dramatic rights were an important factor. Two dramatic successes had been scored out of the material already existing; William Gillette had written a play called "Sherlock Holmes" and in the title rôle had made a notable success. The character of Raffles had been put into a play in which Kyrle Bellew starred with similar success. Both Gillette and Bellew were Frohman stars, equally acceptable to American and English audiences, and we were not unmindful of the value of bringing them into the situation.

It is well enough known that Mr. Gillette is somewhat difficult of approach and not altogether tractable to fool ideas suggested by total strangers. However, we finally drew on his courtesy and prevailed upon him to call at our office. At the end of an extended discussion, he volunteered that while he had come prepared to decline any proposal for literary or dramatic work, he saw great possibilities in our suggestion and would cooperate to the limit. Following this call, I had various conferences with Mr. Gillette and, a little later, Sears started for London.

The result of this journey was failure. Mr. Sears got nothing but negatives from the two authors. He reopened the matter casually on one or two occasions, but except for such random inquiries as drifted in to the authors and the literary agencies at intervals, from editors who had heard vague rumors, all negotiations ceased at this point.

In the spring of 1909, "Appleton's Magazine" ceased publication. Know-

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ing of this determination in advance, I made my plans to attempt in a more personal way the execution of the idea which had possessed me. Renewing contact with Mr. Gillette, I found that his interest had in no way cooled. We agreed that it would be worth while to take to Messrs. Doyle and Hornung not merely the proposal that they do something, but the suggestion of what they should actually do, a plot or the approximation of a plot.

The specifications were fairly well defined. The theme must be big enough to appeal to both writers. The ultimate lesson must be the downfall of vice and the triumph of virtue; law and order must be vindicated. However, complete sympathy must be preserved for both the detective and the criminal and, in the end, both must triumph, without offense to that fundamental law concerning vice and virtue in melodrama.

The story for magazine purposes must be written with twelve climaxes, so as to compel the return of readers each month. Should every episode be complete in itself, with the issue joined and the authors collaborating, or should each have possession of his own hero for a month of alternate success and failure in the strife? These were typical questions bearing on the literary side of the plan.

Mr. Gillette's interest was to see that the written story should have in it the elements of a successful play. The dramatization was to be his part, and it was he who was enlisting the cooperation of Charles Frohman so that both stars, William Gillette and Kyrle Bellew, should be brought into the cast. He does not need my testimony that the dramatic situations he evolved were ingenious and original in the highest degree. If he does not some day use them, the American drama of intricate plot will be the loser. On the other hand, it is a matter of some pride to me to recall the generous compliments which he gave to my suggestions. My effort had been devoted to a basic plot without amplification of detail. His attention had been turned rather to details which could be introduced effectively into any plot.

Of course, play production would be the last step in the program, and yet the earning capacity of that item would be so superior that it had to be considered early in the arrangements. As the author of the play "Sherlock Holmes", Gillette had paid Doyle $45,000 in royalties for the mere privilege of making that dramatization. This was some indication of the possibilities ahead. With the understandings defined as to the relation of playwright, producer, and stars of the ultimate drama, I was fortified with one financial item in the offer.

The next development was in the friendly atmosphere of the house of Appleton. Mr. Sears formulated an offer embodying the cash advance which he would pay for book rights as a charge against ultimate royalty earnings, and a royalty rate which would make almost any author's mouth water. This was item number two in the assembling of financial inducements.

The final preparation was to make a contract for the serial rights of the prospective material. Those were the days of many powerful magazines of liberal policy and force. The most vital of these was "Everybody's", and the editor, John O'Hara Cosgrave, possessed courage and imagination. I outlined the situation to him. A few days later I was called to the office of "Everybody's" to an editorial council presided over by Erman J. Ridgway,

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then president of the publishing company. The others present were Cosgrave and his three associate editors, George Barr Baker, Gilman Hall, and Stella Virginia Roderick. The editorial board of "Everybody's" were affirmative. They wanted to close the bargain and start me off to England at once. I explained that I had just contracted for six months' work in Alaska before coming to them with this proposal. Ruefully they assented to postponement, and the contract was made, effective the following November.

Returning from the Yukon Valley in the fall, I sailed immediately for England. Never did an American editor, with an idea taken out of thin air and no real equities of his own by which to draw on the good will of strangers, receive more kindly consideration or generous hospitality.

I made my first contact with Mr. Hornung, who was then living at 7 Hornton Street, Kensington. In his study the proposals were discussed, the pendulum swinging back and forth as his decisions wavered. It was my wish to get him committed before approaching his brother-in-law. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was, of course, the older and the more experienced author. His large earnings had made him wealthy. I knew that the Doyle rates were far in excess of Hornung rates in the literary market. Therefore I talked only in terms of united payment, leaving it to Hornung's imagination to realize how opulent the half, or even much less than the half, would be.

I was not unmindful of the fact that it would do the younger writer a distinct service financially to be lifted into this relationship, and yet it was also possible that he might have a certain reluctance to hitch his wagon to a star in that manner. Another thing not to ignore was the relationship of Constance Doyle Hornung to her author-husband and her author-brother. When finally I was informed that the Hornung deal would be closed if the Doyle decision were affirmative, I felt that much had been accomplished.

Then I opened my first direct communication with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who was at Windlesham, his home at Crowborough, in Sussex. Quite unwillingly I found it necessary after exchanges of letters in which I told nothing, to reveal the actual purpose of my journey. There came a prompt negative by mail, but Sir Arthur regarded the fact that I had come directly to England to see him, and he invited me to Windlesham.

As a guest, and with a negative on record, I was manifestly estopped from business negotiations. As a substitute, therefore, I indulged myself in thorough enjoyment of the hospitality of the house, knocked billiard balls about the table in the big living room, drank tea before the fireplace, played with the sturdy Doyle baby, enjoyed the ballad singing of the hostess, tramped the links with my host, heard stories of the Weald, and gossiped about neighbor Kipling. Of evenings, we toasted our feet in Sir Arthur's study and read verse to each other.

Long a devotee of the Doyle fiction, I was lucky enough to uncover my preference for two of his more obscure novels—"The Refugees" and "A Duet, with an Occasional Chorus". The first citation pleased him because it was a story of the American wilderness in Colonial days, written before his first trip to this country, and he was glad to have its verisimilitude confirmed. The other was still more fortunate. Oddly enough, "A Duet" was a pet of his and the fact that I

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knew it and liked it pleased him as it pleases a parent to have the unnoticed baby particularly appreciated.

Sir Arthur and I discussed the comparative merits of detectives in fact and fiction, but all this time I never talked about my broken rainbow. At last my silence on the subject began to disturb him. It troubled him that I had spent time and money to come to England on a fruitless effort. He did not yet know the background of the six years past. He did not know the work that had been done, nor the financial arrangements that could be made, nor the distinction with which we intended to launch the enterprise. He knew only that an American editor wanted him to join in what appeared a somewhat spectacular trick. He was getting a little tired of Sherlock Holmes. He had been knighted as a result of his history of the Boer War. Manifestly it was his hope to be registered on the literary rolls for successes other than detective stories.

Nothing but his generosity and good will could have forced him to the sympathetic inquiry for more details as to what I really wanted and how I happened to come to England, unheralded by letter. Thus on a stormy night in front of the Doyle fireplace, I was enabled to tell the story from the start. I will not say that an affirmative hung in the balance, but never from that time did Sir Arthur cease to argue the situation with himself, develop it, and charge himself with all manner of blame for getting me into this fix! He would talk over the Gillette factor and shake his head ruefully. He would regard the Hornung elements and again regretfully confirm his negatives. He would run over the incidents and the plot that had been sprung on him as an obvious bait, and shake the same rueful head at his inability to make use of it. Little by little it seemed that he was convincing himself that the thing could be done and that it had to be done.

Lady Doyle, likewise, began to waver. She saw some infraction of the Doyle dignity if this literary trick were played, but also she saw the buried treasure deep down in the clear water, in reach of the grappling hooks. The time came when I was almost optimistic. Then at last one night there was a review of the situation, and Doyle declared himself forced to a final negative.

"But", he said, "this has been worth while. This was your idea in every phase of its origin and its development. You have done it seriously. It has elements of great appeal and value. If it is ever done, it will be done for you and no one else. You have gained rights in the situation. I am sorry for your disappointment, but I am glad that you turned up here to make friends with this house, and that the whole thing is clarified and understood."

The next day I sailed homeward, reaching New York on Christmas Eve. Apparently the two months' expedition for the buried treasure was a total failure. Within a few weeks after my return I joined the staff of "Everybody's Magazine" as associate editor under Mr. Cosgrave. One year later, after Mr. Cosgrave's resignation, I succeeded him in editorial authority. This succession of events made it easy for me to keep in touch with all the interests, both in London and in New York, which had been involved in the negotiations.

It was not until the spring of 1913 that I attempted the matter again by another expedition. On behalf of "Everybody's Magazine", I arranged a contract with Lady Scott for the

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writings and photographs saved from the expedition to the South Pole which ended in the loss of her husband, Captain Scott. I went to London to meet her immediately upon her return from New Zealand, following the news of her husband's death. This journey created a ready opportunity to visit the hiding place of the buried treasure.

In the intervals of intensive application to the Scott material and its host of attendant complications, the relief I found was in the renewed fellowship with the old vision and the Doyle household. Again Windlesham proffered its hospitality, with more billiards and ballads, and tea and golf; yes, and another baby. With my host there was more toasting before the open fire, more discussion of book and magazine developments, more reading of poetry, more debate as to the merits of various detectives and detective stories; and, at last, a review of the proposal which I had still available.

In the years that had passed, the White plot and the Gillette details of incident had burgeoned into what Sir Arthur himself declared enthusiastically a most appealing story. At last, when he had striven with himself to the final confirmation of the decision reached four years before, he made what has always seemed to me one of the most generous and remarkable offers ever formulated.

"I can't do it," he said. "It is worth doing; it is good enough to do; it would accomplish everything you say. But I cannot overcome my unwillingness. I'll tell you what I will do, and Hornung shall do it too. You have spent years on the plan and have brought it to where it is entitled to recognition. I will give you Sherlock Holmes and Hornung will give you Raffles. If you want to write it, it may be done by you, with our permission and our good will. That is the last word."

So that was the end of the search for the buried treasure. The contracts I was empowered to offer provided for cash payments in advance to the two authors of more than $100,000, a total assured payment approximating $500,000, and a presumptive earning from all sources far beyond that amount. Even these figures took no account of motion pictures, for that art was not then in the forefront in earning capacity as it is today. When I think of that plot and its pictorial possibilities—oh, well!

Almost before we knew it, the world was at war. Such matters as these were of no consequence in the face of the real things that were happening. One does not need to explain unrealized hopes that date back of 1914. Since then, more than once, someone has volunteered to me his editorial plan for a Doyle-Hornung collaboration, with Holmes and Raffles as joint heroes. When that occurs I find myself just smiling patiently and admitting that it would be an interesting thing to do.

In April, 1921, came the news from Paris of the death of Hornung, so Raffles is gone. Sherlock Holmes must be getting old, but Conan Doyle is not old. He has the spirit of youth, however the years may pass. The noble service he did in writing the story of the young Englishmen who helped save the world, is the serious service by which he may wish to be remembered. But in creating for countless readers one of the most winning of fictional characters, a character commanding the intelligent, concentrated interest of those who need diversion with brains in it, he has rendered another service by no means negligible.

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PURPLE GRACKLES

By Amy Lowell

THE grackles have come.
The smoothness of the morning is puckered with their incessant chatter.
A sociable lot, these purple grackles,
Thousands of them strung across a long run of wind,
Thousands of them beating the air-ways with quick wing-jerks,
Spinning down the currents of the South.
Every year they come,
My garden is a place of solace and recreation evidently,
For they always pass a day with me.
With high good nature they tell me what I do not want to hear.
The grackles have come.

I am persuaded that grackles are birds;
But when they are settled in the trees
I am inclined to declare them fruits
And the trees turned hybrid blackberry vines.
Blackness shining and bulging under leaves,
Does not that mean blackberries, I ask you?
Nonsense! The grackles have come.

Nonchalant highwaymen, pickpockets, second-story burglars,
Stealing away my little hope of Summer.
There is no stealthy robbing in this.
Who ever heard such a gabble of thieves' talk!
It seems they delight in unmasking my poor pretense.
Yes, now I see that the hydrangea blooms are rusty;
That the hearts of the golden glow are ripening to lustreless seeds;
That the garden is dahlia-coloured,
Flaming with its last over-hot hues;
That the sun is pale as a lemon too small to fill the picking-ring.
I did not see this yesterday,
But today the grackles have come.

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They drop out of the trees
And strut in companies over the lawn,
Tired of flying, no doubt;
A grand parade to limber legs and give wings a rest.
I should build a great fish-pond for them,
Since it is evident that a bird-bath, meant to accommodate two goldfinches at most,
Is slight hospitality for these hordes.
Scarcely one can get in,
They all peck and scrabble so,
Crowding, pushing, chasing one another up the bank with spread wings.
"Are we ducks, you, owner of such inadequate comforts,
That you offer us lily-tanks where one must swim or drown,
Not stand and splash like a gentleman?"
I feel the reproach keenly, seeing them perch on the edges of the tanks, trying the depth with a chary foot,
And hardly able to get their wings under water in the bird-bath.
But there are resources I had not considered,
If I am bravely ruled out of count.
What is that thudding against the eaves just beyond my window?
What is that spray of water blowing past my face?
Two — three — grackles bathing in the gutter,
The gutter providentially choked with leaves.
I pray they think I put the leaves there on purpose;
I would be supposed thoughtful and welcoming
To all guests, even thieves.
But considering that they are going South and I am not,
I wish they would bathe more quietly,
It is unmannerly to flaunt one's good fortune.

They rate me of no consequence,
But they might reflect that it is my gutter.
I know their opinion of me,
Because one is drying himself on the window-sill
Not two feet from my hand.
His purple neck is sleek with water,
And the fellow preens his feathers for all the world as if I were a fountain statue.
If it were not for the window,
I am convinced he would light on my head.

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Tyrian-feathered freebooter,
Appropriating my delightful gutter with so extravagant an ease,
You are as cool a pirate as ever scuttled a ship,
And are you not scuttling my Summer with every peck of your sharp bill?

But there is a cloud over the beech-tree,
A quenching cloud for lemon-livered suns.
The grackles are all swinging in the tree-tops,
And the wind is coming up, mind you.
That boom and reach is no Summer gale,
I know that wind,
It blows the Equinox over seeds and scatters them,
It rips petals from petals, and tears off half-turned leaves.
There is rain on the back of that wind.
Now I would keep the grackles,
I would plead with them not to leave me.
I grant their coming, but I would not have them go.
It is a milestone, this passing of grackles.
A day of them, and it is a year gone by.
There is magic in this and terror,
But I only stare stupidly out of the window.
The grackles have come.

Come! Yes, they surely came.
But they have gone.
A moment ago the oak was full of them,
They are not there now.
Not a speck of a black wing,
Not an eye-peep of a purple head.
The grackles have gone,
And I watch an Autumn storm
Stripping the garden,
Shouting black rain challenges
To an old, limp Summer
Laid down to die in the flower-beds.

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AUTHORS AND ADVERTISING

By Frank Swinnerton

IN all the long years that I have spent in the publishing trade I have only once come across an author who was satisfied with the advertising of a book of his own; and this case was so extraordinary as to be worth record. It arose from the fact that his publisher had engaged as advertising manager a man who was wholly incompetent, and who allowed a particular advertisement to be duplicated and triplicated and multiplied because he had not the interest or the energy to change his copy. His eccentricity was only discovered as the result of a grateful letter from the author, who rightly said that he had "never been advertised so well". When the cost of the advertisements was computed it was found that the advertising had been out of all proportion to the sales of the book, and that a possible profit on the book had been converted into a loss of something like a hundred pounds. The voluptuous advertising which had so delighted the author ceased immediately.

The truth is that authors do not understand the business of advertising. Some of them are adroit in the art of self-advertisement, which can be obtained at the expense of a good deal of time and trouble, but which has little cash outlay to discourage those of them who are cautiously ambitious; and this self-advertisement so goes to their heads that they cannot understand how definitely returns must be related by the publisher to the amount of money to be expended. Nor can they see the matter from the publisher's point of view. They have not grasped, for one thing, the fact that the publisher lives by his list, and not by individual books in it.

To the author his own book is all important. He is aware of other books; but only as the egoist is aware of other people. His eye instinctively singles out the title of the book upon which he has expended his time; his heart beats for its success, its popular appreciation. His one standard is the type and multiplicity of its appearances in the advertising columns of the newspapers. He is obsessed by belief in the value of his own work and its inevitable appeal to his fellow creatures. If only that book is given a fair chance, he thinks, it will rival the greatest successes of all time. His wife likes it, his friends praise it: surely they are good, or at least typical, judges of what is interesting and vital. The book appears. He sees its title in the lists. If every English-speaking person could hear of it, then success is assured. There are thousands who would enjoy it—if only they knew it was there. With so much bad writing having large sales, with so many people crying to him that they long for something which they can read with self-respect, it cannot be that he is mistaken. Well, the lists of his publisher meet his eye. The book is there, shining like a good deed in a naughty world. The author waits. His friends say to him that they have tried in vain to get his

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book. They have tried here, there, and everywhere to get it; and the fraudulent booksellers have not even heard of it. A panic seizes the author. He dashes off a letter to his publisher. He outlines large schemes of publicity. Show cards, such as he has seen exhibited for the purpose of advertising books which have been extremely popular, but which he has not been able to finish, or which his friends consider inferior to his own, would help; large spaces in the newspapers, in which the virtues of his book are emphasized in the largest type; something ingenious, new, startling . . . why won't the publisher show a little enterprise? Doesn't he *want* to sell books? The author looks in vain for the show cards, the large spaces such as the best sellers enjoy at every turn, for the really enthusiastic advocacy of his book. How can the publisher expect *this* book to be a best seller if he does not take the necessary steps to make it a best seller? Well, time goes on, and the book is not a huge success. Deeply chagrined, the author changes his publisher, or tries to do so. He is discouraged. The publisher, he believes, does not understand his own business, which is to sell books.

As one who has been in the publishing trade for exactly two-thirds of his life, I have been spared these qualms; and I have also seen them in action in other men. I have seen the letters authors write to publishers. I have heard authors talk. I have heard anecdotes about their anxieties. The authors most ostentatiously indifferent to success are often the authors who write most privately and pressingly to their publishers on the question of advertising. It is not a base thing in these authors, but an urgent egoism which leads them to be over-occupied with a matter which they do not understand. It is the mark of their inexpertness that they fuss and worry over a branch of publishing with which they have no concern. They do not so fuss over any act in their lives which they have the faculties to understand.

To authors it will come as incredible that advertising does not sell books. Yet that is the truth. *Advertising does not sell books.* I should like to go on repeating that until somebody in the writing profession believes it. I shall be answered, very triumphantly: "Then, why do publishers advertise?" And as soon as I begin to explain I shall be accused of "hedging". It will be better if I amplify the startling assertion. What it amounts to is this, that advertising by itself does not sell books, that no amount of advertising sells any book to an extent which justifies the great expense of the campaign. I once knew of a publisher — one who had not learned the lesson — who thought he would boom a book upon a poignant theme. He spent hundreds of pounds in the preparations of shop display, railway display, bunting, and big type in the newspapers. His advertising costs came to about one pound sterling (at the normal rate of exchange $5.00) per copy sold of a book issued at six shillings ($1.50). The book did not sell. The advertising was wasted. This is a single instance, and I could give many. Advertising does not sell books.

Take the case from the publisher's point of view. Whereas the author thinks of one book only — his own — the publisher thinks of his whole list. He has to do the best for all the books he is publishing. Upon some of these books he will no doubt make a profit, on others, suffer a loss; but for his

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own sake he must do as much for all of them as he can. He makes his plans accordingly. As a young publisher he has probably learned his business and the truth about advertising. If he has not learned the truth he is in publishing for a short time as an experiment; but he will not survive. The first thing he has learned is that advertising by itself is a hopeless game. His experience has shown him that to attain success he must think of something fresh, and the freshest thing in the world, and the most effective, is the publication of good books which are also popular. The thing is not so impossible as it may seem. The reason a book sells is that people want to read it, and sometimes a good book may be interesting. Not all the good books are unreadable.

Say there is a public for every book that is written. It may be a small public or a large public or a medium public; but what one man chooses to write others will choose to read. If it seems to the publisher that only two others in the world would care to read any particular book, then the publisher, unless he happens to be one of the two, sends the book back to the author. But if the possibilities are greater, the whole question is to reach the particular public to which the book appeals. It is not to be done by advertising. It is to be done by a grasp of psychology, and a knowledge of expedients. If it were otherwise, all books would be best sellers, which is what the publisher knows only a fraction of his output has any chance of being. The publisher takes his own way. He insidiously prepares those of us who read books for the treat in store. He lets us glimpse the book. We read a note about it somewhere; we read a review of it; we mysteriously find that those with kindred interests have also read notes, read reviews; we hear talk of the book, from those who have read or are reading or are about to read or who must read the book upon which we have set our hearts. Then it appears that wherever we turn we find references to this book, and advertisements of it; and we in our turn read the book and talk of it and recommend others to read it. And we find that the book is famous — at least in our part of the great reading world. The book has found its readers, its public; and whether we are small in numbers or many it is the same, for the publisher has known that what we like we speak of to those whom we would fain instil with our own ideas and our own enthusiasms. He has grasped our psychology, the psychology of a group. That is his business.

But it has not been by advertising that he has reached us, for we never notice advertisements until the things they advertise are familiar to us. It is the same in all cases. Once we know a fact we find it constantly emphasized. I remember many years ago reading for the first time the witty remark supposed to have been made by King Charles II on his deathbed — an apology for being such an unconscionable time a-dying. For the following few weeks I seemed to be unable to pick up a book or paper in which the words were not quoted. It is the same with all acquired knowledge of the kind, and the publisher knows it. He knows that when a book is a success that is the time to advertise it, but not before.

And yet it has been said that some books are failures; and it will be asked why it is that publishers continue to advertise. There are many reasons why books fail, but only one that matters, and that is that nobody wants to

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read them. They fail because there is not a sufficient number of potential readers in the world; or because the time is inopportune; or because for some reason the "psychological moment" is missed. Eyes are not caught, the movement of interest is not created. Even publishers are not infallible in their reading of possibilities. What must be reiterated, however, is that were the publisher to double his advertising on these failures the effect upon the sales would be negligible for the reason I have given above. The second question is more to the point: why do publishers advertise at all?

Publishers advertise for the following reasons. First of all, because the authors like it and expect it. There is no question about that. The author has no means of becoming aware of the various ways in which knowledge of his book is created in possible purchasers or readers, except that he sees large type notices in the papers that it has appeared and that it is meeting with the approbation of his admirers. Therefore, it is first of all to please the author that these large type advertisements are inserted. It is also a convention. Also it may be that those papers which devote a certain amount of space to book reviews need some proof other than their continued circulation that it is worth while to continue to devote this amount of space to the reviewing of books. Were the press to be eliminated as a means of bringing books to the notice of possible buyers, there is no doubt that the difficulties attending the publication of books would be increased. But it is not first of all in the advertising columns of a paper that we look for news of what to read. We are interested in the reviews, in the opinions expressed regarding new books, in the publicity given to books in which we are likely to be interested. The amount of time which we give to the advertisements of books, unless we are in the trade of publishing or in the profession of authorship, is very small. In general we pass over the lists. If there is a large space given to one book we may open our eyes; but we do not immediately run out to buy the book. If we did, our shelves would be full of unread works of no interest whatever. Only when we know something about a book do we notice its presence in the advertisement columns. And the thing which makes us buy books is simply and solely personal recommendation, talk, the sense that the book is "in the air" and must be read if we are to hold up our heads before those of our friends who read books and discuss them with knowledge. The publisher understands this very well. If any author asks any publisher what it is that sells books he will hear from each and every publisher the same reply — "It is TALK."

I said just now that the publisher has to think of all the books he publishes, and not of just the one that the author cares about. He has to do more. He has to think of himself. And in that fact is to be found the prime reason for publishers' advertisements. Primarily they are not advertisements of the books at all. They are advertisements of the publisher. They are the means by which he keeps his own name before the public. For every good book that a publisher has the fortune to secure and the insight to recognize is an asset to him. It may be that we do not notice the name of a publisher upon the title page of a book; but when we have enjoyed a book and see it included in an advertisement we are insensibly impressed by the name of the publisher who has issued this good book. We may even

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begin to accept his imprint as the mark of a good book; but that is only when we have been impressed by the fact that the books he has published have been such as we could read with pleasure and profit. And if a publisher, as the result of issuing good books, makes this impression upon us, it is a sign that he is a publisher with judgment and ability to give us the particular books which we want to read. It is at this point that the publisher is an asset to the author. Thus the good author is an asset to the publisher because he helps to establish that publisher's reputation for good books, and the publisher is then an asset to the author because he has obtained what is called in business "good will". From the time that "good will" has come into being the author benefits indirectly from the publisher's advertising. It is good to be a feature in the list of a publisher who has standing based upon his habitual connection with good books. The lists by which publishers remind us of their own names and of the fact that they issue some of the best books which we have recently read, are valuable to the authors whose books we have not read, because of the company in which these books appear. It is as though we were having these books praised to us by somebody whose opinion is of interest. When a friend mentions one of these books, the time it takes to connect his praise with some link of previous knowledge is shorter than it would have been. The reaction, which takes us to the bookseller's shop, is quicker. But if we had seen the largest type advertising of that book nothing would have induced us to buy it, for the simple reason that large type is no indication of literary quality.

When the publisher advertises himself, and incidentally his good books, he has an additional reason: which is, that by showing authors what good books he publishes he induces them to wish that they too were represented in such a list of good books. Thus the publisher pleases his own authors and tends to secure the chance of publishing the works of other good authors, famous and otherwise. He is advertising himself all the time; and as of all those who do not engage actively in the trade of selling books, the author is the only persistent reader of publishers' advertisements, he is creating future lists and weaving his spell about the whole literary world. He is creating just that atmosphere which talk brings to a popular book. Advertising is thus a part of the make up of the literary world. As far as the individual book is concerned it does not result in the sale of anything like the numbers which it is supposed to do. Often it does not directly effect the sale of a single copy of the book. What it does is to help. Obviously, when one knows a thing perfectly well, one recognizes it. When one knows the name of a publisher one reads his advertisements, to see what he has been doing with his time. But that is all. One does not buy books as the result of seeing them advertised. One sees them advertised as the result of buying them. And so each year the publisher deliberately spends large sums of money in doing that which he knows will bring him no direct return. Advertising means nothing at all; and yet the publisher who does not advertise is forgotten. Not so with the book. The book makes its own friends, its own sales. If authors want to see themselves named in large type they are hunting a shadow. It is only vanity which calls them onward, and it is not the practical common sense they believe it to be.

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THE JOURNAL OF TIMOTHY TUBBY

Being the American Diary of the Famous British Novelist

With Notes by Theresa Tubby

And Sketches by Herb Roth

CHAPTER IV

I Discover the Pullman Car

NEW YORK had proved too exhausting for Theresa. She can endure just so much and no more, then she demands a complete mental rest. We were advised to go to Chicago.

There, we were told, we would find great open vistas and bright faces, bluff cordiality, and that developing naive interest in literature which in children and primitive peoples is so refreshing. However, there was the trip before us, and, strange to tell, no one thought of warning us of the perils and exhaustions of traveling in America.

The night before we left was exceedingly trying. It involved, among other things, a visit to one of the meetings of the Poetry Society of America. There are many types of meetings in America, I find, but the Poetry Society stands quite alone. It was founded, apparently, for the purpose of allowing certain persons, otherwise more or less well bred, to quarrel in public. Free verse has become a political issue in America. The mayor of a certain western town was elected on a free verse platform. Another of his planks was free love; but, to quote the sheriff of the village, who spoke to me in confidence, "Free verse elected him, by heck!" The interest in literary problems is very great in America. Curiously enough, reading itself is rarely indulged in.

We arrived late at the Poetry Society. The room was crowded. A tall gentleman was reading an anonymous poem. He read in an academic manner, with abdominal quavers that were supposed to indicate poetic feeling. I found out afterward that, in his youth, he had himself written poems. Later he invented an animated hair brush, from the sales of which he was able to publish (at his own expense) his volume of verse, and in addition to save enough money so that he might live up to his passions. "I express myself in living now", he was heard to say, "and have no further need of giving vent to my desires in poetry."

He read, slowly and distinctly. The bare-shouldered ladies nodded their heads to the rhythm, sometimes having difficulty with their nods, due to the fact that no rhythm was discoverable.

REACH

O, Woman of the tortured heart reach up,
Strain toward the sky,
Strain toward the moon,
Draw down ecstatic moments from the peaks
of stars,
You know the beauty of their rounded limbs,
You know the speech of glory,

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The sound of winds along eternity's waste
spaces.
Squirm through the slime of mere mortality,
Reach out!
Reach! Reach!
Where, in passionate accord with the clouds,
Your little soul will sink to happiness.
Be not an earth-clod,
Hear the message of the comets,
Reach to the Heavens with your delicate
lovely hands,
Lose yourself in the universal urge.

The reader paused. There was uncertain gloved applause. A stout motherly person rose. She pulled her gauze scarf about her with a movement of patient indignation.

"Doesn't it seem as though it were time someone wrote some real poetry? Personally, I don't understand a word of what Mr. Grump has just read. What I do understand, if I interpret rightly, doesn't seem to me to be at all nice."

A young man with a mop of black hair leaped to his feet.

"Nice? Nice?" he shouted. "Why should poetry be nice? Is life nice? Are you nice? If you are nice, it's because you're afraid not to be nice. I call that a beautiful cry of expression. I insist that it's the outpouring of a sensitive feminine soul."

A slender man with white hair rose gravely.

"Indeed, when I was a child", he said with deliberation, "we were taught that it was impolite to reach. How our manners are changing. It is a great pity. The word 'reach', itself impolite, was used five times in that poem. What's to come of us?"

"Now, now, Mr. Sputz," soothed a gentle lady with a lyric voice. "That's all in the way you look at it. I've always taught my children that it's far better to reach for a thing than to make someone else reach for it. This is an age of reaching, and if we do not teach the little ones to reach, they will soon be swallowed in the vortex of rising commerce."

Another elderly gentleman joined the fray.

"Commerce, my dear lady, will engulf us all if we do not return to the sweet clear music of another day. Modern children are not educated at all. They grow."

"Do you mean to say", interrupted the lady who had just spoken, "that my children are not educated? This is outrageous. Must I be insulted from the floor of the Poetry Society? Indeed I shall leave at once. *And resign.* I am thoroughly offended."

She walked out majestically, in spite of all efforts to soothe her ruffled feelings. I was becoming distinctly oppressed. I could contain myself no longer. I spoke.

"But what has all this to do with poetry?" I asked them, for it seemed to me a most obvious question.

The young gentleman with the black hair again leaped to his feet. Further to emphasize his point, he leaped to a chair.

"Another Englishman in our midst," he shouted, pointing his finger at me. "What do you know about it, sir; why should you give an opinion in an American Poetry Society? Don't you know that it isn't the gentlemanly thing to do? What has the British point of view to do with poetry? Nothing! Precisely nothing!"

Hisses sounded. There were angry cries. Someone shouted, "Bravo!" Someone else, "Police!" The young man flung off his coat and made a rush for me. Someone grabbed him. There was a scuffle and a scream. The lights went out. There was a police whistle.

"The place is raided!" came the familiar cry. I seized Theresa's hand and we made for an open window, and

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dropped quietly to the ground two stories below. There were no casualties, and we succeeded in reaching our hotel, peacefully. It is magnificent, is it not, how seriously literature is discussed in America, particularly poetry?

"I couldn't get you a drawing room," Mr. Vernay explained, as he escorted us toward the Grand Central Station; "but here are two lowers, and I'm sure that you will find them quite comfortable. At any rate", he added, "you will have no one bothering you with silly questions."

Alas, how little most Americans know of their own America!

By daylight, a Pullman car is reasonably attractive. The tortures of the night are hidden by quiet green upholstery, and a suave negro servant moves hither and yon along the aisle. The cars are named, so they told us, in memory of the deceased wives of railway employees. Ours was most musically titled. "Pipuella", it was called, and the name rang pleasantly in our ears as we entered, and were stowed away with our luggage in the green seats, Theresa in one section and I in another; for you see, I was planning to dash off a few letters. We were still lying alongside in the station.

"Vite! Vite! Vite!" came strains of unmistakable French to our ears.[1]

"It's a French maid," was the very first thought that came to my wearied mind. And so it was. As exhausted as I had become, my intuitive faculties were yet alive. Her "Vite! Vite!" was simply an affectionate and throaty entreaty to the porter to hurry. Now she was not only a maid, she was pretty. This last fact was so occupying my attention that I failed to notice the maid's mistress until she was almost upon me.

I knew it! The first characteristic I noticed was her eyes. Blue hawk's eyes. What was it about them that seemed so familiar? It was the quality of recognition! She knew me for who I was. I was undone. A sweeping woman, with an elderly look, clad in long silks and short furs. Yet she would not have been terrifying had it not been for that look. Her eyes gleamed at me as she passed. Twice, in her progress down the aisle, she turned to stare again. She was, apparently, occupying the little room at the end of the car. Would she be discreet? Would she withstand the impulse that I had seen in those eyes? Would I be left in peace? I saw her turn to the porter. I saw her ask him if he knew who I was. My heart grew cold. He replied in the negative. Another respite, and I drew a relieved breath. Then she spoke to him again, and I saw him approaching. Theresa, meanwhile, absorbed in a book, had not seen the early stages of the tragedy that was about to engulf me.

"The lady would like to know", the porter commenced, "if you happen to be Mr. Timothy Tubby." I nodded, miserably. "Well, then, she says that her name is Mrs. Camberry, and she's from Boston on her way to a convention or something, and would you be kind enough to come to her drawing room."

The die was cast. I mumbled a feeble assent and, with scarcely a glance at Theresa, moved grudgingly along the aisle. Of such was fame, I pondered, remembering Caesar and other celebrated gentlemen who had been undone by greatness.

Mrs. Camberry rose to greet me.

[1]Tubby means that American French is sometimes very hard to distinguish from several other languages. *Thr. Tb.*

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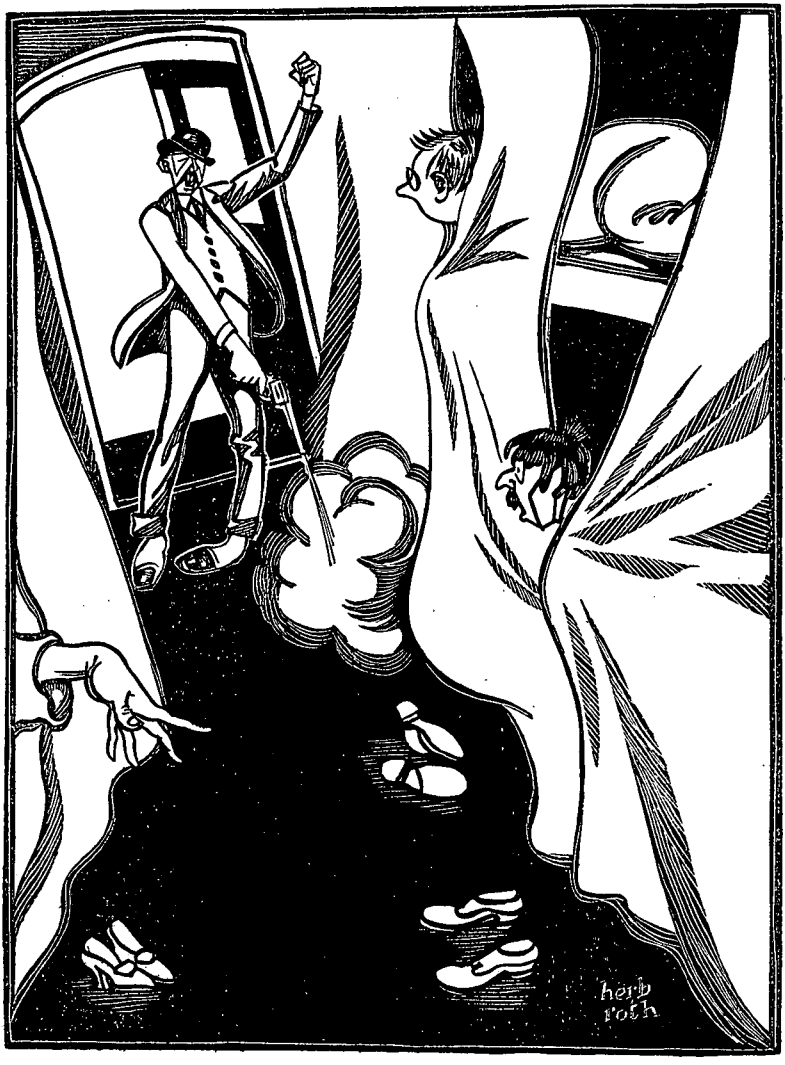

"Peering at a red haired Irishman who was firing innumerable shots"

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"How delightful this is! For years I've wanted to meet you. We are so anxious to have you come to Boston. You know Boston has not quite outgrown the traditions of Longfellow and Whittier. The rest of the country may think that we are asleep; but we have our Irish problem and Amy Lowell. You *must* come to Boston! However, that's quite beside the point, which is, that I've seldom been so intensely pleased as to find you on the same train with all of us."

"All of us?" I gasped.

"Yes, didn't you know? Just a little group of writing folk going to the convention of the Pencilcraft in Chicago. I'm burning with the news that you are on the train, and I've sent our porter through the other cars to spread it. Believe me, you will not want for company—and how does it seem to be traveling without your wife?"

Indeed, I had no opportunity at all to set her at rights; for she went on talking.

"A wife is so inconvenient on trips. If I were not a native of Boston, I suppose I might say she 'cramps your style'. But as it is, naturally, I leave all that to your imagination."

I did not understand either her language or her meaning. She seemed to me a most perturbing woman.

"Don't you think it would be nice if you gave us just a little informal address here in the car—just a gossipy talk, you know, the kind you're so famous for? We'd so love it. Then, of course, you'll speak at the Pencilcraft dinner in Chicago. Indeed, the Pencilcrafters would not think of letting you escape them."

Just at this point an avalanche of women burst into the "Pipuella". They wore smiles. They gurgled. They emitted little cooing sounds. In the midst of their swirling draperies, I seemed to see Theresa, rising, like Aphrodite from the waves. Mrs. Camberry closed the door with a bang.

"We'll not be disturbed yet, no indeedy! We'll just have a nice little talk all our own."

Mrs. Camberry settled back with those indefinable motions which prophesy long and flowing exercise of a vocabulary of superlatives.

"Do tell me", she began, "what you think of the temperament of the American woman."

This was an extremely direct question. I took council with myself. Should I be tactful? Should I tell the truth? I cleared my throat several times, as though I knew exactly what I was about to say; though, to be sure, I didn't know at all. . . . .

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" came the grateful and unmistakable sound of someone knocking at the door.

"How stupid!" exclaimed Mrs. Camberry; but before she could stay the inevitable, the door swung open. I had expected to see Theresa. But no, it was the conductor. He wore an angry expression.

"What does all this mean?" he rumbled. "You are upsetting things considerably. Hundreds of women are buzzing around this door. They will not be quieted. They shout, 'Tubby! Tubby!' Is there anything you can do about it?"

Mrs. Camberry smiled graciously upon him. I knew that she was about to introduce me to those Pencilcrafters of her. I could see them now, sitting on the seats and on top of the seats and in the aisles. A poet might have likened them to a sea of many-colored poppies. As for me, there was one thing I could do. I did it. Pressing my two hands violently against my head I shouted, "Oh my head! My poor head!" and with cries of hysteri-

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cal pain I breasted that agitated mob. I made for the smoker, while women fell away from me like a line of falling dominoes. The smoking car was crowded with men. They looked at me suspiciously. But the suspicion of men is far better than the admiration of the ladies. For a moment I stood there breathlessly, endeavoring to regain my composure, a thing which, though seldom lost, is most unpleasant to lose. The men became silent as I entered. They chewed the ends of long black cigars. I could feel the waves of their displeasure sweeping over me. Still they were silent. If only I could have found a place to sit down. If only they had gone on talking. Anything would have been better than that terrible silence. Where should I go? What should I do? I saw a bell. I didn't know what the bell was for; but it gave me a chance to move. With all the eyes in the smoking room watching me suspiciously, I slowly pushed the bell, then waited.

Who should appear but the suave negro.

"And what can I do for you?" he asked.

So that was it. He wanted to know what he could do for me. All the men smoking black cigars and eyeing me suspiciously wanted to know what he could do for me. *What could he do for me? What did I want?*

"Well?" and his tone became bitter. "What do you want?"

"Nothing!" I blurted out. His scorn was superb. I could hear a titter commencing to rise. Could I not redeem myself in some manner?

"Or would you bring me a cigar?" I asked timidly.

"Oh, a cigar!" The chorus of men was appreciative. "Here, have one of mine, old top. Best brand they make."

Now I never smoked a cigar in my life. However, as I looked down at the large frame of the genial gentleman who was offering me a huge and strange black cigar, he seemed like a very haven of refuge. He moved over and made a place for me.

"Ain't women hell?" he asked. "You just sit here and have your quiet little smoke. It must be a horrible thing to be famous like you are. Here, lemme give you a light."

The cigar was lit. I am sure that it was a typically American cigar. So virile, so strong. I puffed it contentedly.

"You're literary, ain't you?" said the gentleman donor of the smoke.

I nodded. Somehow I felt a storm approaching. Was he about to ask me what I thought of that strange American phenomenon Harold Bell Wright? But no, it was worse than that.

"Now my wife, she writes. Ain't it wonderful?"

There was a chorus of "oh's" and "ah's" from the men about us. They drew nearer to hear of his wife's writing. Meanwhile, I was not becoming accustomed to the cigar. It seemed, somehow, to affect my head, and the voice of the gentleman telling the story of his wife's genius was far away.

"You see it was this way," he went on. "When my wife was seven she went and wrote a poem. Her mother sent it to a paper and what do you think—they printed it! Well, that sorta got the idea into my wife's head, and ever since then she's writ a poem a day rain or shine except when the babies was bein' born and then she dictated 'em to the nurse. A wonderful woman, that persistent! Now I was wonderin' what with you bein' a writin' man if you'd like to look at them there poems."

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All eyes were looking at me, expecting the genial nod of pleasure. It was the effort of calculating the probable number of days since his wife's seventh birthday, and the consequent number of poems I should be obliged to read, combined with the disturbing effect of the cigar, that did it. At any rate, I fainted away. Life, becoming too complicated, kindly gave me respite.

"Bang! Bang! Rattle! Bump!" I woke to the most uncomfortable of situations. I seemed to be lying in some sort of prison. I lifted my head only to bump it soundly against something above. I tried to stretch out my feet. They bumped also. Suddenly a cold sweat broke out upon my body. I had died and was buried—buried far away from my native, my own, my beloved England. Like a flash, I saw the lines written to me by my friend Robert Pickles, the Georgian poet:

Dear Tubby lies in foreign soil,
His feet upturned to stranger skies,
Alas, that England rocks him not,
Nor British winds sing lullabies.

Critically, I objected to these lines, for my feet were not turned up. They were most dreadfully cramped. However, I soothed my tortured spirit; I could forgive poor Robert almost anything for thinking with me in the midst of his many engagements.

No, I couldn't be buried! Peace, at least, would be found in the grave. This was torture. Suddenly there was a wild lurch and I rolled rapidly over, felt myself falling, landed with a loud cry, grabbed at something, heard a feminine shriek, and felt a hand on my collar dragging me to my feet.

"Haven't you caused us enough trouble without trying to pull a poor lady out of her berth?" It was the suave negro again, and this time he appeared to be quite angry.

However, I, too, was very angry.

"Where have you hidden my wife?" I shouted.

All along the dark space in which I found myself I saw heads darting out. There were curses and little squeals. Finally, I recognized Theresa.

"I'll take care of him," she assured the negro. "Leave him to me."

She was in a negligée, lying back of one of the curtained apertures.

"You see, Tubby", and she was more soothing than annoyed, "this is the way they do it in America."

"Do what?" I sputtered. "What is it they're doing?"

"Sleeping, my dear. Now be a good Tubby and get into that apartment next to mine. Close the curtains. Button them, and undress."

"Undress!" I was aghast. "What for?"

"To sleep, of course," she patienced. "Hurry, dear."

I did as she told me. Or rather, I started to do as she told me. I first tried to take off my coat; but gave that up as a very difficult operation. Every time I nearly got one sleeve off, I bumped my head. I spent a few moments feeling the various sore spots and trying to decide whether or not they would develop into permanent disfigurations. Then, I tried the trousers. Really, I have since found that American men are trained as acrobats in their youth for this very purpose. After five separate attempts I lay back and regained my breath. I would not stay in that place another moment.

I put one foot out gingerly, then the other. Before long, quite to my surprise, I was standing alone in the aisle. Falling this way and that, I was finally forced to my knees and crawled along the car until I reached the end. Ah, the smoking room! Everyone had

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"On, on, for the 'Pipuella'!"

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probably gone to sleep. I could be alone. I entered.

"Begorra and here ye are at last!"

A gruff voice greeted me. I looked and there sat a tall red haired man. His eyes were ominous, and resting on one knee, within ready reach of his brawny hand, was a revolver. Perhaps this was the watchman of the train. I had heard that mails were guarded in Chicago, and that murders were common in the public thoroughfares.

"Good evening," I began, pleasantly enough.

He glared at me silently and his hand reached for the weapon.

"It's a pleasant evening, isn't it?"

Again there was silence, as his muscular hands played with the revolver. This was telling on my already strained nerves. I turned to go. Evidently he was not a sociable person. Perhaps he was one of the wild folk from the great western plains, where life, one hears, is held lightly, and the finger sits with little weight on the ready trigger. At any rate, he did not appeal to my æsthetic sense.

"No ye don't," he said quietly but firmly. "Ye kin sit down right here while I talk to ye. Ye're English aren't ye? Well, I'm Irish, that's all, and I'm a little dhrunk, maybe; but that makes no difference."

I hesitated.

"Sit down," he commanded. "Is this or is this not a gun that I'd be havin' here, and I kin use it, too. I'd die fer the ould counthree I would, s'elp me, and"—he looked up and down—"perhaps ye'd be havin' sixty-five dollars left fer a coffin. That's about yer size, I'm thinkin'."

"But", I protested, "what's the matter? What have I done? What are you going to do? I'll ring the bell."

"No ye won't. Now ye kin go ahead and explain to me, what it is yer counthree intends doin' to mine."

"Now my dear sir, I'm a literary man, and I know nothing of politics."

"Litherary man is it? Well, thin I'd best be puttin' ye out of the way annyway, that's what I'd best be doin'."

I thought rapidly. If I was to die, I might as well die quickly as to prolong the agony. I rose with dignity, turned my back to him, and made for the door.

"Slow down, there, I'm fer bein' afther ye." I could feel him back of me. I fled headlong down the aisle. He was close in pursuit. Fortunately we had just drawn into a station. I would get off that car as quickly as possible. As I reached the platform a shot whizzed by my ear. There was commotion and the sound of a struggle. I did not turn to see what was happening but rushed down alongside the train. I reached a gate.

"How long does this train stop here?" I asked a guard.

"One hour," was the reply.

I could take an hour's vacation then; at the end of that time perhaps the drunken man would have forgotten me or gone to sleep.

Outside in the station, the first thing I saw was—what do you think? A counter where they sold books and candy. A sleepy boy stood back of it. Always mindful of the duties of an author, I approached him with the famous Tubby smile.

"Have you a copy of 'Garden Dreams' by Timothy Tubby?" I asked.

"Sure." He brought one out. "Wanta buy one?"

"Oh, no!" I replied. "I'm the author of the book, and I was just wondering if you had one."

"So"—his lip curled in scorn. "So

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you're another one of them guys what's looking for their own book."

"Yes," I replied, pretending not to notice his unpleasant glances. "And you could help me a great deal if you only would. If you could hide me behind your counter for just a moment. There's a man with a weapon running after me, and I'm afraid that he might take good aim, if he were to catch up with me."

"I thought so!" the boy sang out, and motioned to a policeman standing in the corner of the station. "Here Bill, here's a nut just ran off a train. Better ship him up to the 'sylum. Says he's Timothy Tubby. Plum nutty, I call him."

This was too much. I produced a wallet and a card. Even then the policeman seemed doubtful.

"Well, maybe you are and maybe you aren't," he said musingly. "But you just better hustle yourself back onto your train. You seem to be crazy enough anyway."

Footsore and with fear of the Irishman in my heart, I went back through the gate and approached my car. I climbed the steps wearily and went toward my berth. I put one foot in. There was a cry of rage. A fat gentleman burst out and stood in the aisle in front of me.

"What do you mean", he shouted, "stepping on me that way?"

"I beg your pardon," I stammered. "Isn't this the 'Pipuella'?"

"What do you mean, 'Pipullala'?" he gurgled.

Then a light dawned in his eyes.

"Why", he said, "I've seen your picture somewhere. You're Fatty Arbuckle, aren't you? Pleased to meet you, and how did you get away with it?"

"Oh, no," I protested. "I didn't get away with anything and my name's not Arbuckle. You've probably seen my picture, though; I'm Timothy Tubby, the famous British novelist, and I'm apparently lost."

He looked disappointed, but nevertheless I could see that he was one of these Americans who are so easily impressed by a picture in the paper.

"Sorry you're lost," he said. "Let me help you find your way. Come on."

He took my arm.

"But you haven't any clothes on, or any to speak of," I protested.

"Oh, so I haven't. Well, you just go outside and ask anyone you see, where you'll find your car. Maybe it's been put on another section."

Outside I found a conductor striding manfully up and down.

"I can't find my car," I told him. "It was here a while ago."

"What was the number?" he demanded.

"Number? I didn't suppose that it had a number. It was called 'Pipuella'."

"How should I know the name?" He was annoyed. "I suppose it's the one that was put on another section. It's on track nineteen. You'd better hurry up, it may be leaving any moment now."

I hastened to follow the direction of his waving hand. Down steps. Up steps. Over tracks. There was a train before me. It was moving slowly. But fortunately in America they have little wheel cars on the platforms, so that if a passenger is so unlucky as to miss his train, he can pursue it.

"I must catch that train!" I shouted, jumping on top of a pile of bags and boxes on the truck. "Hurry! Hurry!"

The driver looked astonished; but my authoritative air evidently impressed him. He called for aid, and we were off down the path at break-

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neck speed. Would we catch the "Pipuella"?

"On, on, for the 'Pipuella'!" I shouted. "We must make it!" How I wished that Theresa could have seen me. As if in response to my wish, I suddenly saw her head peering out from a window.

"There we are! There we are!" I shouted.

"Faster! Faster! That's the old boy. That's the old boy who knows how to ride the turf. Bravo! Bravo!" screamed Theresa.

We were alongside. I took my courage in my hands. I rose to my full height. I made a blind leap, and with unerring precision landed on my stomach on the platform.

When I regained consciousness the suave negro was bending over me.

"Say, I guess you caused enough trouble for one night," he hissed. "Come on, I'm going to undress you and put you to bed myself this time." He held out a glass of water. "Did you ever take sleeping powders? Well, here's one."

How thoughtful American servants are. I took the long cool draught with a sigh of relief. Through the gathering mists I seemed to see myself, perched high in the air, peering dazedly at a red haired Irishman who was firing innumerable shots from a blazing automatic. So ended my memories of my first night in the "Pipuella".

SPARTA TO TROY

(With thanks to the forgotten wit who first found the thirteenth line)

By Clement Wood

YOUNG rose that budded by Eurotas's stream
(I've thumbed through Rand McNally, and — I know!),
All ages headline your shy April dream,
And whisper, "Helen . . . Paris . . . Yes, it's so!"
Homer retailed the rhythm of the oars
That scarred the sea of time in that wild ride;
Poets have peered and peeped of those old shores
Where you — and war — splashed in Scamander tide.

Your posthumous publicity fills reams
And reams of incandescent lyrics, whirled
Wherever man desires, or woman dreams
Of love, with cheeks on fire, and lids half furled . . .
How far that little scandal sheds its beams!
So shines a naughty deed in a good world.

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BOOKS FOR THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER

By Le Roy Jeffers

FOR thirty or forty years Mount Everest, the highest peak of the Himalayas, has been the goal in the minds of daring mountaineers who have longed to attempt its unknown slopes, and have speculated on the possibilities of reaching its summit. Unfortunately both the Nepalese and Tibetan governments refused to allow foreigners to make the attempt, and no white man had been nearer than about fifty miles of the mountain. The distant views of Everest show only its summit slopes, and the problem of a practical approach or a possible route of ascent could not be solved in advance. After many years of disappointment, permission was finally obtained to enter Tibet and approach the range from the north. Combining their resources, the Royal Geographical Society and the English Alpine Club organized an expedition which started from Darjeeling in the spring of 1921. Lieutenant Colonel C. K. Howard-Bury was its able leader, and its members included both scientists and mountaineers of repute. Their account of the undertaking has just been published under the title of "Mount Everest, The Reconnaissance, 1921" (Longmans, Green).

This fascinating narrative relates how the expedition successfully accomplished the scientific work it expected to do, and succeeded in finding an apparently practicable route by which the mountain may be climbed. Sir Francis Younghusband, president of the Royal Geographical Society and chairman of the Mount Everest Committee, writes an inspiring introduction, pointing out why men will always seek to conquer the heights. In brief, about 13,000 miles of hitherto unknown country have been mapped, the geology of the region has been studied, and collections of its fauna and flora have been made. Many very remarkable photographs of Everest and other peaks were secured, some of which illustrate the volume. It was definitely determined that no other peak is the equal of Mount Everest in height, but its true elevation is unknown. It is still carried on the maps as 29,002 feet, although the Indian Survey has long considered it over 29,141 feet. It was also established beyond further question that the native Tibetan name for the mountain is Chomolungma, which is said to mean "The Mother Goddess of the Country".

Passing briefly over the early stages of the expedition, any lover of nature will read with great interest of the wonderful flora and brilliant butterflies of the valleys of Sikkim. Progress, however, was anything but easy on account of the luxuriant vegetation, the superabundant rain, and the omnivorous leeches. When the high passes into Tibet had been reached a serious loss was sustained in the death of Dr. A. M. Kellas, a noted Himalayan mountaineer and investigator of the effects of altitude on the climber. Shortly after, Harold Raeburn, leader of the climbing party, was taken ill and compelled to return to a lower region.

Journeying across the high plains

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of Tibet at 14,000 to 15,000 feet elevation, the party learned much about the curious life and customs of the natives. Owing to their fear of foreigners they usually deserted their towns on the approach of the expedition, but gradually stole back when nothing serious happened. Tibet is a land of priests and monasteries, whose labor saving devices were in evidence. Enormous prayer wheels were being turned by wind and by water. Some were said to contain over a million prayers; and at every revolution a bell rang announcing the ascent of all these petitions to heaven.

In order to reach the base of Everest in permitted territory, a very circuitous route was followed, leading from Darjeeling to the east, north, west, and finally approaching it from Tingri Dzong on the northwest. It was soon seen that the northern face of Everest is unclimbable, with avalanching cliffs, 10,000 feet in height. Here is also a great glacier, with eastern and western ramifications, which was named the Rongbuk. Views were obtained of all sides of the mountain, except the southern approaches; there appeared to be no possible chance for the climbers, unless they could reach the upper part of the northeastern arête from the north. This ridge seemed practicable from a 23,000 foot col between Everest and the north peak.

It was decided to approach this col from the east by way of the Kharta valley, which would require the traverse of another col of 22,320 feet, called the Lhakpa La. After going up the Kharta for seven miles, the exploration party turned up a side valley and crossed an 18,000 foot pass into the Kama valley. All who were privileged to view this wonderful valley agree that there is none other known in the entire Himalaya which can surpass it in sublime grandeur. It is surrounded by gigantic cliffs of rock and of ice, and its glacial avalanches fill the valley with a roar like thunder. In delightful contrast are the exceptionally beautiful flowers and trees of the valley floor, which even extend far up the sides among the ice and snow. At the head of this valley are the sheer 11,000 foot cliffs of Makalu, which is 27,790 feet, and far more imposing in appearance than Everest itself. It was found, however, that Everest is inaccessible from this valley.

Returning to the Kharta valley the climbers were seriously delayed by rain and snow, but they finally ascended the Kharta glacier to the 22,320 foot col overlooking the East Rongbuk glacier. The next day three climbers, Messrs. Mallory, Bullock and Wheeler, descended 1,200 feet to the glacier and then climbed slowly to the Chang La, the 23,000 foot col on the slope of Everest. Unfortunately they were forced back in defeat, for the weather had changed, and a continuous gale whirled the snow in clouds across the route of ascent, removing all possibility of further advance. For days afterward the retreating party saw a far flung banner of snow waving from the summit slopes of Everest.

Undaunted by this defeat of the climbers, a new expedition stronger and better equipped than any which has ever visited the Himalayas, left Darjeeling at the end of March, 1922. It is led by Brigadier General C. G. Bruce, a veteran Himalayan climber, and includes Mr. Mallory and other mountaineers whose endurance has been tested. They have an early start over last year's party and are acquainted with the route, so it is likely that interesting results may

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soon be obtained. Although climbers have had little experience with the use of oxygen at high altitudes, it is thought that this will be absolutely necessary in conquering the last 6,000 feet of Everest, and a complete equipment has been taken. It is planned to relay bottles of oxygen along the route of the climb for use in both ascending and descending. If sufficient amount can be made available for constant use, it is believed that the final 6,000 feet may be conquered in a day.

Success will depend on the favorable outcome of many factors, and not a few noted climbers have doubted whether it will be possible to go much beyond 27,000 feet this year. Weather conditions must of course be ideal or the party might easily perish in sudden storm. The snow must not be too soft and deep for the porters to carry their loads to great heights; neither can it be light and powdery, resting upon ice. Avalanches and winds have turned back many a party, and complete exhaustion with mountain sickness may overtake the best of climbers above 23,000 feet. At these high elevations there are the greatest extremes with which to contend. When it is not storming, the sun is so powerful that there is danger of sunstroke while one's feet are being frostbitten! The world's highest climb is that of the Duke of the Abruzzi on Bride Peak in the Karakoram Himalaya, where he reached 24,583 feet but not the summit of the mountain. He was a man of indomitable courage, but there are limits to the humanly possible, and he was driven back by a storm. Colonel Howard-Bury thinks on the whole that the chances are against success; while the advocates of oxygen think that it may make the ascent practicable. It is possible that the world's highest peak will have been conquered when this appears in print, but it is hardly probable.

An interesting and valuable addition to the library of any climber is Harold Raeburn's "Mountaineering Art" (Stokes), which contains many useful hints on rock and snow craft. The author has spent a number of years in the Alps, the Caucasus, and the British hills, and his conclusion is: "It may be taken as an axiom in mountain craft, that the greater the rock-face, or mountain, the greater the certainty that a way up it exists."

First in the technicalities of mountaineering, Raeburn places the art of balance. Without this inborn faculty one can hardly hope to attain brilliance as a climber. The number of climbers for a roped party is discussed and it is shown that two competent mountaineers can accomplish more than a larger number on a difficult climb. We have found this to be the opinion of the most fearless and ingenious guides. The guide must know his man, however.

As a result of the scarcity of professional guides on this continent, the usual initiation to the mountains has been with some mountaineering organization where opportunity is offered to climb with experienced amateurs. But much of the resourcefulness of a competent mountaineer must be gained from his own initiative. While solitary exploration and climbing are not to be recommended to the average man, the brevity of vacations and the difficulty of finding suitable companions at the time are often temptations to follow in the footsteps of John Muir, who perhaps was the most ardent and fearless mountaineer that America has known.

British and Swiss rock and snow

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climbing are discussed at length and imaginary climbs are given to illustrate the problems one may encounter. When viewed from a distance the steepness of a climb is often very deceptive. The angle of a rock face should not exceed 70° in order to be climbable. Even the route up the Matterhorn, which is one of the steepest in the Alps, is only a 30° incline. Extensive slopes of snow or ice are said not to exist at an angle greater than 55°. The climber is cautioned to avoid the mountain tops and ridges when his ice ax buzzes from electrical conditions. Lightning is not to be trifled with on the heights, but it is believed there is little risk from it on slopes and glaciers that are not steep. In the absence of water the author has eaten much snow in small quantities without any of the reputed ill results. This has often been the experience of other climbers and, like the foolish notion that ordinary mountain altitude is dangerous to health, it may be destined to lose its harmfulness even as a suggestion.

In the chapter on equipment the ordinary custom of wearing heavy boots with wide welts is condemned; a medium weight shoe without any projecting soles is strongly recommended for greater ease of ascent and choice of footholds. The author's experience with different forms of glasses, whether monocular or binocular, is that they are not of sufficient value in determining the route of ascent to warrant carrying them.

In the strenuous life of today, one's mental and physical health demands outdoor exercise of interesting variety. Nothing can be better than cross country and hill walking, which is the best training for the mountain climber. We eagerly await the day when convenient aeroplane service will enable the climber to spend a frequent week end, and a far longer vacation than is now possible, amid the life giving air of the mountains.

Every mountaineer will welcome "Mountain Craft", edited by G. W. Young (Scribner), the most important study since the publication of the Badminton volume on mountaineering in 1892. The larger portion of it has been written by Mr. Young with painstaking detail and will be a mine of information for years to come. It is almost unique in its psychological analysis of the mutual relationships of a climbing party, and of the multitudinous movements, largely subconscious, in the individual climber. The influence of the mind on the body is coming to be recognized more and more as of first importance in all branches of physical activity; it is of especial importance in successful mountaineering.

It is true that the art of climbing is not to be learned from a book, but any climber can profitably study its principles, which are here analyzed as never before. Rock climbing and ice and snow craft are scientifically dealt with in all their phases. Ice ax and rope are illuminatingly described. There is a useful chapter on Alpine guides and on guideless climbing. One of the most suggestive chapters treats of reconnoitring, which involves an understanding of the conditions of sun, ice, and rock that may be encountered on an ascent when a proposed route is viewed from a distance.

A valuable chapter on equipment is contributed by Captain J. P. Farrar, in which illustrations show clearly the correct and incorrect methods of tying knots useful to mountaineers. Arnold Lunn writes at length on the use of ski in the Alps, and other well known

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mountaineers give résumés of conditions to be found in various mountain regions of the world. We regret the omission of such information on the Andes and on the more important ranges of the United States.

In his "Mountain Memories" (Funk and Wagnalls), Sir Martin Conway tells us of climbs in the Alps, the Himalayas, in Spitzbergen, among the Andes, and in Fuegia. Omitting the scientific aspects of mountain climbing, he takes the reader with him on a pilgrimage of romance, which he tells us was the sustaining motive in his lifelong devotion to the art. In search of romance he has traveled and climbed and analyzed his experiences with the eyes of a philosopher and the heart of a child.

Conway's growing acquaintance with the Alps eventually resulted in an invaluable series of pocket guides for the climber, which he wrote in collaboration with W. A. B. Coolidge. His expeditions to other important ranges of the world are recounted in numerous volumes which mountaineers, and many others in whom the spirit of adventure is alive, have eagerly read.

In this volume we have found most fascinating those chapters which relate the author's travels and climbs in the Himalayas. On one expedition he ascended the Hispar glacier and descended the Biafo, in whose valley he found the most impressive mountain scenery, defying adequate description. Finally he viewed the giant peaks which rise from the Baltoro glacier in overwhelming magnificence, surpassing all other mountains of the world.

He who has heard and obeyed the call of the mountains must return again and again to their inmost sanctuaries. Here the voices of nature speak to him more clearly than among the abodes of men, and here, perchance, his awakened spirit may commune in deeper reality with the Eternal Spirit whose voice is heard in the silence of the soul.

A comprehensive biography of Horace Benedict de Saussure has perhaps fortunately been long awaited. For it was not until H. F. Montagnier of the American and English Alpine Clubs had engaged in long and patient research, that many important facts of Saussure's life became known. D. W. Freshfield, an explorer and climber of international reputation, has in "The Life of Horace Benedict de Saussure" (Longmans, Green) woven this data into a story which reveals much about the scientific, educational, political, and social activities of Saussure, as well as his ardent love for mountaineering.

Born in 1740, Saussure's life was spent in Geneva amid political turmoil which contributed to his death in 1799. As a boy he loved the hills and as a man he often sought refuge in the mountains from the pressure of his active life. His very extensive travels, in which he probably saw more of the Alps than anyone of his time, are recorded in his "Voyages dans les Alpes". He was one of the founders of the modern science of geology and was also a botanist. His letters reveal an insight and appreciation of the beauties of nature which was not dimmed by his scientific passion for truth. In his family relations he was unusually affectionate, yet so broad were his sympathies that his society was widely sought wherever he went.

His was a day when the unknown terrors of the mountains still loomed large in the public imagination and

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the fear of altitude was overcome only by the most adventurous. But many travelers were desirous of visiting the glaciers and a class of professional guides was being formed. With eager eyes Saussure studied the virgin slopes of Mont Blanc and made various attempts to discover a route to its summit. He offered a large reward to anyone who should first conquer the mountain, but it was many years before serious effort was made to win it. At last the young enthusiast Bourrit appeared and made many unsuccessful attempts, culminating in his public attack on the veracity of the climbers who succeeded in reaching the summit. The best efforts of Saussure were required to allay in some measure his jealousy.

In 1786 Jacques Balmat, a young man living in the vicinity, thought he saw a possible route and hastened to tell his discovery to Dr. Michel Paccard who also had plans of his own. On August 8, after fourteen and a half hours' climbing, they stood on the top of Mont Blanc. The following year Saussure made the second ascent, which was widely acclaimed over Europe, bringing him well deserved recognition for his long continued efforts.

"A History of the Adirondacks", by Alfred L. Donaldson (Century), contains a surprisingly large amount of well classified information. It is fitting that the increasing numbers who visit these mountains in search of health and recreation should have this ready means of looking backward on the lives of the early settlers and of such men as Emerson, Stevenson, Trudeau and Roosevelt, who were identified with the growth of the country or who made notable visits for rest and inspiration. Here is a clear account of the once famous "Adirondack Murray", whose "Adventures in the Wilderness, or Camp Life in the Adirondacks" attained such notoriety in the 'seventies; and of "Adirondack Harry", who followed him. Especially interesting is the story of Dr. W. L. Trudeau's heroic battle for life and for the rescue of a multitude of sufferers from tuberculosis. Melvil Dewey's successful experiment in establishing the Lake Placid Club is also recounted. Not the least valuable feature of this monumental work is an extensive bibliography and index.

The efforts to have these forests and mountains placed under legislative control, are dealt with at length. From the creation of the State Park Commission in 1872, when Verplanck Colvin mapped and wrote of the region, to the recent efficient commissionership of George D. Pratt, it has been an uphill fight to protect the forests from destruction by fire and by lumbermen. Neither has it been an easy matter to secure and enforce necessary fish and game laws.

To a mountaineer the most interesting feature is the description of the mountains themselves, which we find rather too brief. Mount Marcy, the highest peak in the state, 5,344 feet, has a chapter of its own. In the section on Adirondack names, the author shows that its so called Indian name, Tahawus, was doubtless invented by a modern scholar. The mountain is now included with an adjacent scenic area in a state park, which insures the cessation of destructive lumbering on its slopes. Beautiful Whiteface, guardian of Lake Placid, has also recently been acquired.

From the days when F. W. Freeborn of the Appalachian Club loved this country and wrote of his climbs about the Keene valley, there has been steady increase of those who shoulder their

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sleeping bags and provisions and roam at will for the joy of it. Since 1910, the Adirondack Camp and Trail Club at Lake Placid has cooperated with the state in building trails. It maintains a number of camps in the mountains and has constructed a stone hut on Mount Marcy. An Adirondack Mountain Club has recently been organized, with a large charter membership of leading business and professional people of New York City and State. Mountain climbing, walking, and outdoor recreation will be stimulated, trails will be built, and a guide book is to be published. Along this line most effective and valuable work has been accomplished by the Appalachian Mountain Club of Boston and New York in making the White Mountains known and accessible; and by the Green Mountain Club in building trails over the hills of Vermont. Not merely in summer are the Adirondacks attractive; winter sports at Lake Placid already are drawing many from the cities for a week's vacation in the mountains. Everyone intending to visit our great Adirondack park should secure the recreation circulars: "Adirondack Highways", "Canoe Routes", "Trails to Marcy", and the "Map of the Adirondacks", from the Conservation Commission at Albany. One will also appreciate and enjoy his trip to a greater degree if he reads this new history of the mountains.

A book of joy for the lover of nature and of mountain scenery in its grandest and most sublime aspects, is Sir Francis Younghusband's "The Heart of Nature" (Dutton). With deep insight the president of the Royal Geographical Society pleads for renewed life in the science of geography through a study of the natural beauty of each region. He well illustrates this in a remarkably beautiful description of the varied zones of life which extend from the tropical plains of India to the snowy heights of the Himalayas. Nowhere else may one find greater luxuriance and variety of flowers, plants and trees, of insects, birds and animals. Here we see life revealing itself in myriad forms, each adapting itself to environment, but ever striving to rise to higher levels and to more perfect development. When man is reached we see him likewise in many stages of growth, rising from an intelligent animal to unfoldment as a conscious spiritual being, capable of self-mastery, and of communion with the heart of nature.

No artist can hope to picture the sunset or sunrise glories of the Himalayas, but Sir Francis's description of the heavenly heights of Kinchinjunga, 28,220 feet, seen from Darjeeling, is the most spiritually beautiful in the literature of these mountains. We journey with him to the high solitudes of the Karakoram range where cluster many of the world's most gigantic peaks, culminating in K^2, which is 28,250 feet high. On his successful mission to Lassa, he enjoyed wonderful sunsets in the pure air of the Tibetan plains at 15,000 feet elevation; and in crossing the vast expanse of the Gobi Desert, his perceptive faculties were much intensified. Beneath the desert stars at night, it seemed to him that his home was the universe, and he felt that the Power which guides the stars is near and kindly. In Sir Francis's interpretation of nature the visible universe is a spiritual one, the seen is but a manifestation of the unseen, and all life is purposive. In the inmost heart of nature and of man, giving life to them and perfecting their upward growth, we find God.

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Published by authority of the American Alpine Club, of which the authors are enthusiastic members, "A Climber's Guide to the Rocky Mountains of Canada" by Howard Palmer and J. M. Thorington (Knickerbocker Press) is of the greatest value to mountaineers. The region covered is that of the main range of the Rocky Mountains, extending northward about 450 miles from the border of the United States to Mount Sir Alexander. The survey does not include the peaks of the Selkirks or other ranges to the west. With the exception of a few 9,000 foot peaks near the Canadian Pacific Railway, data is provided only on those reaching and exceeding 10,000 feet in elevation. The range is divided into twenty-four districts; about 460 peaks are recorded, over two hundred of which have been climbed, though less than fifty have been conquered by more than one route. Obviously there is still abundant opportunity for those who would experience the joy of a first ascent, or who would work out new climbs on familiar peaks.

The highest peak in Canada and one of the most difficult to climb is Mount Robson, 13,068 feet, rising north of the Canadian Government Railway. Only one party of two climbers under the leadership of the famous guide Conrad Kain, has succeeded in reaching its actual summit. In the opinion of Mr. Palmer, the grandest collection of peaks and glaciers is that of the Columbia group, of which Mount Alberta, 11,874 feet, appears one of the most formidable. Likewise the great cliffs of Mount Geikie, 10,854 feet, in Jasper Park, are a challenge to the expert rock climber who seeks new summits to conquer.

The Palisades of the Hudson afford the most striking and convenient natural playground in the vicinity of New York. On their beaches one may enjoy bathing and canoeing; their cliffs offer many a difficult rock climb; and from their summits one may find inspiration in charming views of cliff and river. Strange to say, the average New Yorker is not yet intimate with this masterpiece of nature at his very door.

Dr. R. L. Dickinson, who has long studied and enjoyed the Palisades, in "The Palisades Interstate Park" describes their glacial geology, lists the birds that are commonly found, and recounts the early history of the region. He tells the uninitiated how to get there and what to look for. His maps are mediæval in character, presenting pictures of the scenery that are more readily comprehended by the eye than are modern topographical maps.

The American Geographical Society, which publishes Dr. Dickinson's booklet, is also to issue a guide to the walks and trails suitable for a day's outing in the vicinity of New York, by Frank Place of the Tramp and Trail Club and Raymond Torrey of the New York "Evening Post". No greater service can be done in popularizing the out of doors than to issue such a guide book for the country surrounding each of our large cities. Concrete data and sketch maps enabling the city dweller to return on holidays and week ends to nature, will bring to thousands an increased joy of life.

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THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF WRITING

By Robert Cortes Holliday

V: SEEING A MANUSCRIPT THROUGH THE PRESS

(In connection with Mr. Holliday's series, THE BOOKMAN *announces a new Bureau of Practical Advice to Writers. Any question regarding the mechanical details of authorship will be answered by the editor or referred to the proper authority. The best of these questions and answers will, from time to time, be published, for the information of those interested. The department for this month appears on page 551.)*

NEW YORK, *June*, 1922.

A PUBLISHER of very large activities remarked the other day that there were a number of things he would "like to see said" in one of the articles of this series. He had in mind, it developed, instructions regarding the preparation of manuscripts to be submitted for publication. "And it ought to be pretty elementary stuff," he added.

Probably it ought to be. Here are examples of inquiries frequently received by those dealing with manuscripts:

By the way, are my MSS. decent enough in format: are there too many corrections, etc.? Do editors object to carbon copies as they are supposed to do?

Will you pleas tell me in a hand written does it matter if all the brevations are not put in Pleas ansure this question as it has puzzeled me greatly.

One thing I fell down on miserably was writing this story on transparent paper, but as I did not discover the error until the work was well advanced I decided to let it ride this time and make a note for the future.

Manuscripts come into editorial offices in an extraordinary number of sizes, shapes and designs. I have seen stories typed on white paper, yellow paper, pink paper, and blue paper. I don't at the moment recall any on red paper, or green paper; but probably such things have been. Manuscripts have arrived typed on transparent paper, on tissue paper, on waxed paper, and on heavy linen paper. One of the most devilish manuscripts to read that I know of was handwritten, in pencil, on both sides of the pages in a "dummy" novel such as the salesmen of publishing houses carry on the road. And that particular manuscript was written by a man who had had five years of experience in publishing houses, had been fifteen years with a New York newspaper, and had three published books to his credit! Another interesting manuscript that I recall was written in ink on both sides of the pages in several stenographer's notebooks. The ink had soaked through the paper so that it was almost impossible for anyone to read the writing.

Now it has been continually stated by editors that to receive proper attention manuscripts should be typewritten, on one side of the page only. It has not so frequently been said that it is best for black ink to be used, for the paper to be white, and of medium weight. A uniform size of paper should be used throughout the manu-

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script. The size most convenient to handle is eight by ten or eleven inches. A fault of many inexperienced writers is their use of three or four different kinds and sizes of paper in one manuscript. Carbon copies are not only difficult to read, but they are likely to give the impression that the original copy has been worn out by journeys back and forth through the mails to other editors.

To invite the friendliness of an editor a manuscript should have liberal margins. A good plan is a margin at the top of the page of at least one inch, with a margin of an inch and a bit more at the left hand side. Double spacing on the typewriter should be used. Triple spacing is perhaps even better. When handwritten script is employed there should be a space of at least half an inch between the lines.

Pages should be numbered consecutively to the end of the manuscript. Many authors number the pages in each chapter, the first page of each chapter being numbered one. This is a bad practice, and may result in the loss of parts of a manuscript. Inserted pages should be numbered alphabetically, as: 24a, 24b, 24c, 24d and so on. Discarded pages should be accounted for on the page preceding the pages removed. So: a page marked 50-54 would indicate that pages 51, 52, 53 and 54 had been cut out by the author. Page 55 would then be the next page looked for by the manuscript reader. If a part of a page is to be attached to another page or part of a page, paste or mucilage should be used, *pins never*.

Many authors have their typescripts, when of book length, bound in board covers before submitting them. This is a mistake. Such bound affairs are awkward to handle, and tiresome to read—as the reader has to hold the entire bulky manuscript while he is reading. Also the typewriter paper easily tears out of the binding. The pages of a manuscript should never be fashioned together by anything but paper clips. But why fasten them together at all? A better plan is simply to keep the manuscript in a pasteboard box such as the boxes in which typewriter paper is sold. The author should understand that when the manuscript is sent to the printer it is split up among a number of typesetters or linotype operators. When the pages of a manuscript are fastened together there is a danger of mutilating them in separating them one from another.

Typewritten manuscript should have about the same number of words on each page. This can best be accomplished by taking care to write the same number of lines on each page. A good arrangement is for a manuscript to contain twenty-five lines to a page, with the lines averaging about ten words. The result is 250 words to a page. This is a small matter to the author, but of great help to the editor and printer. When the editor or printer desires to know the number of words in any section of the manuscript, such as a chapter, all he has to do is to count the number of pages in the section and multiply it by 250—and there he is.

Paragraphs should be indented. It is necessary to the appearance of a book that the paragraphs be not overlong. About two hundred words, not over three hundred words, is a very fair length. A book with long paragraphs and solid type pages does not look anywhere near so interesting as a book whose pages are frequently broken by new paragraphs. Chapters, also, should not be too long. A book of 80,000 words should contain from

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ten to twenty chapters. The nearer twenty probably the better.

As a rule, footnotes should be used sparingly, rarely if ever in fiction manuscripts. As far as is possible the information should be incorporated in the text. When a footnote is used it should appear in the manuscript immediately after the line to which it applies; and should be typewritten between two lines and after the word "Note", as follows:

. . . and I was touched and charmed.''*

NOTE: *Lair, *Un maître de Sainte-Beuve.*

If illustrations accompany a manuscript it is well for the author to note carefully in the manuscript the position selected by him for each illustration.

Manuscripts should not be elaborately gotten up. It should be the purpose of the author to submit his story or book in the most readable, neat and readily handled form. There should be as few pen and ink corrections as possible. And the manuscript as a whole should be complete and ready to be sent to the composing room as soon as accepted.

After a manuscript is accepted it is generally gone over by the literary editor, or book editor, who may suggest some changes or who may edit the manuscript to conform with the style of his particular magazine or publishing house. After these minor changes, if there are any, have been made, the manuscript is sent to the composing room, where it is distributed among the typesetters.

The lines of type are placed in a shallow metal container known as a galley. A galley will hold three or four pages of book type. Proofs are taken of each galley. These galley proofs are compared with the original manuscript by the proof readers of the magazine or publishing house, and the typesetters' errors are then corrected. New proofs are taken and sent to the author in duplicate with the manuscript. One of the two sets of proofs sent to the author either has a number of corrections marked upon it or else has a memorandum stamped upon it in red ink. This is the proof the author must return after he has marked his corrections upon it. The other set of proofs should be retained by the author, and upon this set he should carefully copy all of the corrections that he has made upon the set returned to the printer. Authors should not use a lead pencil in correcting proofs, as the marks are very likely to become illegible, especially if the proofs are sent any distance through the mail. Either ink or a crayon pencil ought to be used.

Authors will very often find a question mark, or "Qy", in the margin of their proofs. This means that the publisher's proof reader has found a statement, or spelling, or construction which he is not sure of himself, and which he desires the author to O. K. or correct. The point may be an inconsistency in the manuscript, or a quotation the proof reader recognizes to be wrong, or something like that. The question mark or "Qy" should be *marked through* by the author when he does not make the suggested correction. This shows that he has noted the matter in dispute and has decided to let it remain as it stands. Much inconvenience and delay is caused when an author neglects to do this, as when the proof is returned the proof readers are at a loss as to what to do.

Authors should understand (though many of them evidently do not) that to follow out in the composing room

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any of the corrections or alterations that they make on their proofs, costs money. Publishers agree in their contracts with authors to pay only a certain percentage of the cost of corrections. When an author writes into the text on his proofs any appreciable amount of new matter he will be charged for having it set in type. Some very unfortunate disagreements between publishers and authors have arisen from the failure of the author to understand this rule of the publishing business. I know of a case where a friendship of long standing was impaired.

When the proofs have been corrected by the author they are called foul proofs. The galleys of type are corrected from the foul proofs. New proofs, called revised proofs, are then taken. These revised proofs are compared with the foul proofs by the proof readers. Some publishing houses send revised proofs to the author, others do not unless the author has made a special request to see them. If the author demands to see revised proofs he will probably delay the publication of his work. Some publishing houses (some very distinguished ones) do not send the author either galley proofs or revised proofs except upon his special request, or in the case of illustrated books.

The type is next taken out of the galleys and carefully arranged into pages. The number of the page, the title of the book or the chapter headings are added, and each type page is securely fastened together with a string. Proofs are then taken of the type pages. These page proofs are sent to the author in duplicate. He should go over them carefully to make sure that all of his original corrections, on the galley proofs, have been made. No further corrections should be made upon the page proofs unless they are absolutely necessary, because a line or two changed may require the rearrangement of several pages or even an entire chapter.

Final corrections are made on the type pages, which are then arranged for the electrotyping process, and locked in a form which holds them firmly together. Just before the electrotype plates are made proofs are taken of the type pages. These are called plate proofs. They are examined to make sure that no lines have slipped out of the type pages during the process of placing them and locking them in the forms. Plate proofs are sometimes sent to the author. But, as a rule, not in time for him to make further corrections before the plates are actually made.

Electrotype plates are then cast for each page, and any additional corrections made thereafter by the author are an expensive matter, because this demands the cutting of one or more plates, and may require the resetting of a page and the casting of an entirely new plate. Plate proofs may be distinguished from page proofs by the heavy black rule that appears around the pages. This black border is made by the ink from pieces of metal known as guards, which are placed about the type to hold it fast while the cast is taken. An author's first experience with plate proofs has sometimes been rather embarrassing to him. Stories are told of new authors returning them double quick with tempestuous notes demanding an explanation for the appearance of the mourning border, its immediate removal, and insisting that they see a new set of plate proofs.

Material and instructions for illustrations should be furnished to the publisher apart from the manuscripts.

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This data is engraver's copy, the rest of the manuscript is printer's copy. These two kinds of material are kept separate and are sent to entirely different departments. Drawings, prints, unmounted photographs and so on, should not be folded or rolled. Photographs should be made on glossy photographic paper for best results.

When a book is to have only a few (two or three) illustrations they are generally made full page size, printed separately on coated or calendered paper, and inserted when the book is bound. When there are a number of illustrations, some of which are to appear in the text, the entire book is printed on coated or calendered paper, and the cuts inserted in the type pages. Proofs of such illustrations are sent to the author with the galley proofs, and the author must indicate on the proofs where he desires each picture placed. This can be done only on the galley proofs, as the cuts must be placed in the pages and must be shown on the page proofs.

Many authors indicate the position of cuts on the galley proofs by writing something like this in the margin of the proof:

Insert here illus. No. 1—Mrs. Hunt sitting on lawn with Bobs in her lap.

This means nothing to the engraver because, in the first place, he hasn't read the manuscript and doesn't know what Mrs. Hunt looks like, nor whether Bobs is a cat, dog, or child; and in the second place, he has in his shop probably a half dozen or more cuts of various women sitting on lawns holding cats, dogs, or children in their laps, and he won't have the slightest idea which is the cut of Mrs. Hunt and Bobs. The only safe thing for the author to do is to *paste* in the margin of the galley proof, the proof of the particular illustration which he desires to appear in that special place.

In the case of newspapers and magazines, when there is not quite enough room on the page for the amount of copy in hand, many of the leads which the printer places between the lines of type are removed, and the lines of type placed closer together. When there is not quite enough copy, leads are inserted between the lines, thus filling the page by stretching out the printed matter with spacing between the lines. This can be done in newspapers and magazines that are rushed through the presses, quickly read, and soon forgotten. But books are a different matter, and more skill is required to set them. So authors are very often requested to add to or take from their copy, that the compositor can exactly fill a page without having to resort to extra leads. Sometimes authors fly into a rage at being dictated to by the printer. The author should remember that to the printer a book is just so much metal.

Authors should be sure to write their names and addresses at the upper left hand corner of the first page of their manuscripts. Although not absolutely necessary, it is a good thing to have the author's name (at least his last name) appear in the upper left hand corner of every page of his manuscript. As has been explained, manuscripts are cut up into sections of so many pages, and each section is given to a different compositor to set. These sections are called takes. When the author's name appears on every page there is no danger of the takes being confused with other takes allotted to the same compositor. There was a case on a well known magazine where interviews were ob-

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tained with two prominent persons on the same subject. The copy of these two interviews had not been carefully marked by the writers before being sent to the composing room. The takes were mixed and the two interviews were set up as one article. In the first few paragraphs the person interviewed was reported to have expressed certain opinions and in the last few paragraphs he was made to contradict flatly every one of these opinions. When the proofs reached the editor he realized at once that a mistake must have been made. He called for the original manuscript but found it impossible to separate the two interviews. Result: the articles were killed and the writers lost their pay for their work. Had each page shown the name of the writer it would have been an easy matter to separate the interviews.

It is generally agreed in the contracts between publishers and authors that the selection of the size of the book, the style of the type page, the kind of paper and style of binding, the question of illustrations, and the design of the paper jacket, be left to the publisher. But the author is free to make suggestions, which sometimes are helpful—but not generally so. The publisher, as a rule, is the better judge of these things. They happen to be his business.

The manufacturing man in a well known publishing house one time wrote: "The art of printing is so largely a mechanical art, with fixed restrictions as to what can and what cannot be done within a given space of type, that even the experienced writer will sometimes find himself confronted with results that had not occurred to him as possible."

De Vinne said: "It is the correctness and the careful arrangement of text-matter more than any novelty in plan, grace in display, or skill in decoration that give distinction to any book. Next to clearness of expression on the part of the author comes clearness in its reproduction by the printer." This could also apply to the author's original manuscript which he submits to the editor. And it suggests that it might be well for the author to appreciate the part the printer plays in the success of his book. The author should unhesitatingly leave a good deal to the judgment of the publisher and printer.

MURRAY HILL

BEGGAR SONG

By Dhan Gopal Mukerji

YOU have sung the world, O Lord!
Yet I must sing You!
O, mad poet that you are,
You have sung away
All that is or shall be.
Only *you* I can sing.
O, what a beggar's pittance this!

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THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

X: MARY JOHNSTON

With a Caricature by William Gropper

THE case of Mary Johnston is not exactly that of Herman Melville; but neither is it that of Margaret Cameron. And yet there are, or seem to be, similarities to the author of "Moby Dick" and to the author of "The Seven Purposes". Melville's mysticism led to the production of books which his generation found incomprehensible; and Miss Johnston's mysticism may yet lead to the writing of a book based on personal experiences, as Margaret Cameron's is.

Let these comparisons stop here; they are too easily misleading. The plain facts regarding Miss Johnston are as follows: she is over fifty years old and an absolutely human sort of person. You see a markedly oval face with a small and pointed chin. Her manner is serene and friendly and welcoming — she is very hospitable to you at her large and comfortable house near Warm Springs, Virginia. The tangible world, its people and affairs, interest her markedly. Living with her sister and brother, who really keep the house and look after the place, she is more isolated than one need be these years in Arizona or Teheran. But this condition seems to be largely accidental; she shuns nobody, is indifferent to nothing that amuses or vexes others living other lives.

She will tell you that of late years she has had access to the superconscious. This, of course, has nothing whatever to do with the usual varieties of spiritualism. Miss Johnston has not, so far as I am aware, any tales to relate of communication with the dead. In the beginning, the thing simply happened. I think the details are her affair, as well as her own philosophy concerning the whole business, since she has actually written what may be the first chapter of a book dealing with the subject. But anyway: she felt this surprising and unprecedented extension of her consciousness into that region so many have tried to explore. In this state I suppose she saw, or more particularly felt, certain things which can only be dimly expressed by someone else. Unquestionably she felt that this everyday world was a series of adumbrations of the Reality that had touched her. The conviction of an underlying Unity, Oneness, became henceforth her great certitude and her active faith.

She waited for the renewal of that first experience. It came. Again and again it came. Finally she thought that some control might come too; and I think it has. By "control" I mean an apparent power or privilege of access when she wanted it — access to the superconscious as one might open the wicket gate of heaven. This would not be to gain a glimpse of heaven, but to look forth upon the earth from a vantage quite immeasurable.

I believe the first experience followed illness, somewhat in the fashion

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of those "Twenty Minutes of Reality" with which Ellery Sedgwick stirred up his hornet's nest of "Atlantic" readers some few years ago. Miss Johnston has had a great deal of illness in her life. There were about ten years during which she must have been frequently hard to get along with or live with — but that's past for good. She traveled up and down the earth extensively, but principally between Egypt and Scotland, in the search for health, achieving a semi-permanency which made possible the home, "Three Hills". I don't know that living there has been quite the best thing for her, but it seems logical enough. Any influences powerful enough to change her personality would have had to come much earlier; the introversion of her nature must have begun when she was a mere girl, perhaps when the death of her mother left her in charge of a household at the age of sixteen. There are so many kinds of self-fulfilment and the kinds are all so valuable to the race, that to wish for one kind, in a given instance, is mostly foolishness. The sensible, of whom at stray moments I have the honor to be one, wish only for self-fulfilment by the many and not merely and perpetually by the pitiful few.

For this one a husband, for that one a brother; for a third one the chance to think unhurriedly.

Now we come to this point: having had her wonderful personal experience, Miss Johnston couldn't just go on writing historical novels. So she wrote "Foes".

"Foes" is a dramatic story of eighteenth century Scotland with a lasting feud, a long chase, and a crescendo of hatred and peril. The hero, a fairly dour and hardheaded Scot of the Culloden era, is pictured lying in the grass of the Roman Campagna and comprehending, all of a sudden, that Everything is One. Christ and Buddha are One. "There swam before him in the light, Oneness, Unity." The critic could correctly say: "This is an historical anachronism. Miss Johnston has no excuse for imputing to an eighteenth century Scot the concepts of a Hegel or an Emerson." And the reader who cherished the memory of "To Have and To Hold", or even the later memory of "The Long Roll" and "Cease Firing", was heard to exclaim: "This stuff about Oneness and Unity! I don't get it."

"Foes" was followed by "Michael Forth", and that mystical welter was succeeded by a metaphysical maze called "Sweet Rocket". "The waves of transcendentalism", wrote one young man sadly, "are fast closing over Mary Johnston's head as they closed over Herman Melville's." Perhaps pardonably, he failed to foresee that two years later the submerged Melville would again be riding the surface, as much of a portent as his own great Whale.

The whole situation, from any but a transcendental viewpoint, was unfortunate and becoming more so. Consider that Miss Johnston had made a marked popular success with her first novel, "Prisoners of Hope", back in 1898; and had multiplied that success with her second book, "To Have and to Hold". These books are still read. She added "Audrey" and "Sir Mortimer" and "Lewis Rand" — not counting a poetic drama, "The Goddess of Reason" — and by 1911, when the first of her two Civil War novels was ready, the preceding books had passed the million mark in sales. Phenomenal, in those days! The Civil War novels, "The Long Roll" and "Cease Firing", did not lessen her huge and loyal following. The vogue of the purely ro-

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Sketched by William Gropper

Mary Johnston

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mantic historical novel had gone, but the day of the soberly historical novel does not go by. Through a succession of stories, one or two, like "The Wanderers", plainly experimental, Mary Johnston's large audience kept reasonably well with her or within hailing distance. But "Foes" staggered the loyalists, "Michael Forth" frightened them away, and "Sweet Rocket" was exploded, a graceful gesture, with no one to see. Gone, gone, all gone.

The manuscript next handed to the publisher was "Silver Cross", a tale of the England of Henry VII, and of rivalry between two religious establishments. Written in a clipped sort of prose stripped of "a" and "an" and "the" and other particles as well as articles, the text is a highly mannered English replete with cadenced sentences and animated by nervous rhythms. The very diction bears poetic surcharges, and the whole effect on the reader is to distil in his soul a delicate enchantment or else to exasperate him to death. When I say so much, however, I have really said nothing, not even of the story or its constant spiritual "implications"; the truth, I am sure, is that "Silver Cross" is either a vision or an abortion. But the same thing could be said of much modern art — so perhaps it *is* art.

This, I think, can be said determinately: in "Silver Cross" Miss Johnston preserves something that was in "Michael Forth" and "Sweet Rocket" and expresses it, more or less effectively, through the historical medium of which she has always been mistress. Reynolds (wasn't it?) answered the inquiry as to what he mixed his paints with by saying pompously: "With brains, sir!" But in "Silver Cross" the significance is that Mary Johnston has begun to mix paint with her brains. She has told a story. She has not imposed her metaphysical idea upon her story, as she did in "Foes". She has not lost her story, as she did in "Michael Forth" and "Sweet Rocket". Her story has sprung out of her idea, a child well begotten, perfectly formed.

As to beauty . . . but the perception of beauty is too subjective, too altogether personal to the beholder, for me to decide. And I sometimes wonder if the true appeal of a metaphysical idea is to anything more rational than the emotions, after all. Where we recognize the appeal to be preponderantly emotional we say "mystical"; but the notion of the appeal ever being to anything else (to "reason", for example), may be mere human flattery and self-deception.

On all counts, I have been glad to see "Silver Cross" getting off to an excellent start; for that should mean the acquisition and retention of a moderately large public for "1492", which is to appear this fall. This, of course, is a narrative of the discovery of America by Columbus. Miss Johnston employs a narrator, a Jew who has suffered the persecutions usual at that period for his faith. Banished from Spain under the decree of Jewish exile promulgated by Ferdinand and Isabella, this obscure Spinoza sails on the expedition from Palos. What he sees is sufficiently worth while, but his apperceptions are the essence of Miss Johnston's story. The Genoese commander, perhaps, sees around the curve of the hemisphere, but this exile has glimpses along a larger arc than that.

Mary Johnston, in a loose cloak, with a stout stick, walking the Virginia hills, sees with him, and meditates. Sitting quietly in the liberal house, where sister Eloise passes to and fro on errands between the linen

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closet and the cedar room, Mary Johnston is deeply contemplative. Or, comfortably established before a mahogany desk in a room walled with books and containing two globes, one terrestrial, the other astronomical, she labors to put her vision on paper, her free hand reaching out now and again for bites of a red apple that lies within easy reach. She is a pacifist, but perfectly ready to describe a battle up to the hilt; her description will shirk nothing but will be free from such hopeless embitterment as Barbusse's. She is a mystic bent upon the expressive embodiment of what eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard until she saw and heard it; but she is absolutely without the proselyting zeal and spirit. She is a tolerant dissenter from many men's thoughts and ideals; yet to know her is to respect her work, however much you dislike it . . . and to honor her purpose and admire her courage in a difficult adherence.

THE HORSE TROUGH

By Richard Hughes

CLOUDS of children round the trough
Splash and clatter in the sun:
Their clouted shoes are mostly off,
And some are quarreling, and one
Cools half her face, nose-downward bubbling
Wetting her clo'es and never troubling,
Bobble, bobble, bobble there
Till bubbles like young earthquakes heave
The orange island of her hair
And tidal waves run up her sleeve.
Another's tanned as brown as bistre;
Another ducks her little sister,
And all are mixed in such a crowd,
Telling their separate joys so loud
That who can be this silent one,
This pensive, dimpled, baby one?
She sits the sunny steps so still
For hours trying hard to kill
One fly at least of those that buzz
So cannily . . .
And then, she does.

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FIRST AID TO THE PROGRAM COMMITTEE

By May Lamberton Becker

In connection with Mrs. Becker's articles on the club program, THE BOOKMAN *has established a Literary Club Service. The department for this month appears on page 547.*

THE worst thing that could happen to a program committee would be for a program, complete to the last subject of the last paper, to flutter from heaven or THE BOOKMAN into its hands on the first meeting. Just as the great advantage of club papers is that they give one woman at a time a chance to look at a subject from several points of view before choosing the one from which to consider it, so being on a program committee gives several women a chance to get a bird's eye view of the season. This of course includes a bird's eye view of the membership; nothing is more disastrous to a small study club than for its program committee to be carried away or shoved along by the enthusiasm of a member for the only subject in which she can at the moment take any interest, into committing the club to several months' study of something only one person in it really knows or cares anything about.

The subject once chosen, or the general layout of a miscellaneous program in mind, the privilege of the program committee is to sweep the field in advance of the club, to go over tables of contents and run down book lists, to take those swift, long-range glances at once so satisfactory and so tantalizing. By the time they have laid out the work for someone else to do, they will have had a chance to get a better idea of it in general and of how the special papers fit in, than any other members of the club. This sounds like the arguments Tom Sawyer used to induce his friends to paint the fence, but most club members need arguments to get them to serve on a program committee, to say nothing of encouragement to persuade them to stay on it — and these arguments really are true. Another objection to an elaborate ready-made program is that it never really fits, any more than an elaborate ready-made hat — unless the club does as women did when hats were still elaborate: take it to pieces and trim it over to suit. A program never really fits unless it has been either constructed or remodeled by the club itself.

But before the committee gets as far as choosing the subject, it generally goes through a stage of looking around. Then it most needs advice, and the most advice; then it has the greatest difficulty in asking for it; then the advice is hardest to give. Let me illustrate. I have just assembled, quite at random, forty-three recent letters to the Reader's Guide of "The Literary Review", from almost as many states: letters from clubs asking advice on the conduct of the year's study. Of the forty-three only fifteen had settled on a subject; the rest were reconnoitring. They were in various stages of unpreparedness, beginning with the one that said blankly, "We have sixteen club days", and said no more; evidently bumping into that first fact had taken their breath away.

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Many a program maker will recognize the feeling. Some ask for "helpful suggestions for a program"; one little letter from Kentucky is sure I "will know what will be good for a small club in a country town"; some have already as clear a sense of direction as the Iowa club that will "devote itself to modern literature, not only American and English but the high lights on other countries, with some biography, some poetry, and three plays to be read aloud with music on the program". I read a few questions like these to a college professor and he wrung his hands and asked how anyone could possibly answer questions so general and so vague. Why, people don't want a regular, ready-to-wear answer to questions like that. They want suggestions along several different lines, to get their bearings and make ready for a start. Then they can come back for details, if they wish.

A club program does not pretend to "cover" a subject, any more than a club paper is a doctorate thesis. A club program is selective; it deals in high spots and high lights; it is a blend of instruction and entertainment, with the latter in the lead. If a club starts with this idea and holds it, it is in no danger of the curse of "Thanatopsis", which, you will remember, was that it was dishonest. If a club pretends to itself and the public that it affords its membership the equivalent of a college course in any subject, if the members, like Gopher Prairie's Aspasias, think that they have "finished the poets" in one or any number of meetings, and that they're "learning all of European literature this year", they are under that curse. But none of the clubs that write to me has any such idea. You can see by their letters that they mean to present to their members in a series of open meetings, by means of papers and other devices, such selections as will give them a general idea of the subject or subjects in question, in as entertaining a way as they can contrive. They need first of all notes on what is being done in other clubs like theirs, suggestions from experts, the more the better in these early days. Here are some of the ways in which some of this year's small study clubs are going to work.

The most vivacious program committees are those confronted with a definite local need and going after something to meet it. For instance, last year a book review club came into existence in a large Pennsylvania city for the express purpose of displacing some of the bridge clubs. "We are not highbrows," they wrote; "so we must have things that command interest; on the other hand we realize that what we spend so much time and thought on must be really worth while." They ask for advice on choosing books "that simply *must* be read". Last year these were all fiction. A meeting takes one author at a time, and begins with a brief statement of who he is and what he has written. Then instead of reviews of several of his novels, the same novel is reviewed by several members in succession, not more than two novels at a meeting. Swinnerton, De Morgan, Conrad, Bennett, and Walpole spread over a number of meetings; they discussed Hamsun's "Hunger" and "Growth of the Soil" and Rolland's "Colas Breugnon". Hergesheimer was the only American novelist on this first list. The year was reported a great success; the chairman adds, "I notice that books that make good dinner table conversation are more popular." Let program makers carry this thought into committee. This year the club will add biography and poetry.

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In a settlement in the Nevada Desert is a little club of college women organized "for the study of things scientific", which tells me that all material for papers must be ordered from distant book stores. This or any other club for the genuine popularization of scientific knowledge can order with safety from the excellent annotated list of "One Hundred Popular Books in Science" issued in pamphlet form by Science Service, Washington, D. C. A Long Island club has been led by a study of the careers of the Nobel Prize winners to undertake a year's program of modern biography, such as "Queen Victoria" and "The Americanization of Edward Bok", arranged by vocation.

A club in Missouri asks me to classify the living novelists of America according to literary schools or tendencies, for a series of study meetings. I replied, as I do to people who ask me this question about every six weeks, that I suppose I could arrange our novelists in groups, but that these would be as arbitrary and as fanciful as the grouping of stars into constellations, in which we assemble, for greater human convenience, luminaries not in the least related and millions of miles apart. Unless a common antipathy temporarily unites them, our writers do not go in groups, still less in historical processions; they are shy of taking torches from earlier generations or mantles from previous Elijahs. If I were to make classifications for club study it would not be of novelists but of novels according to subject, and that is the way in which this club is now proceeding, grouping contemporary novels that have to do with "The Family", "Education", "Women at Work", "The New Psychology", and so on. An Illinois club is arranging contemporary plays of social import on the same plan.

When a southern club told me that the subject last year was "Contemporary Novelists", and the year before "American History", the natural next step seemed to be "American History in American Fiction", especially the novels of the past few years — "Children of the Market Place", "Vandemark's Folly", "The Covered Wagon", "The Settling of the Sage". "The Splendid Wayfaring", "A Daughter of the Middle Border", and "The Founding of New England" are as readable as any novel. This program could be arranged to include poetry and a series of reports on our history in our art, especially in such murals as E. A. Abbey's, Howard Pyle's, or Violet Oakley's.

A club in California made up of "library folks", is to study "Essays and Essayists" of England, America, and France — the history of the form with concurrent readings of a good many examples. Three days before their letter came I had helped to plan a similar course for a New Jersey club. As I write, the post brings the new volume of the "Viewpoints" series (issued by the American Library Association, Chicago, at sixty cents each). This is "Viewpoints in Essays" by Marion Horton, so good an annotated arrangement of essays according to their essential interest that it will be invaluable to anyone arranging such a program. The previous issues are the fine "interpretive bibliographies", "Viewpoints in Travel" by Josephine Rathbone, and "Viewpoints in Biography" by Katherine Tappert. Four calls from four states came in one week from clubs studying "The Short Story"; one of them ran a competition in original short stories in connection with its

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study. Another stimulating feature in a club devoted to "Books of the Hour" was a vote on the best liked books of the season, taken just before the last meeting, which was given to reports on these winners.

A club in Connecticut appoints two meetings for "subjects demanding originality of treatment", leaving the members in charge free to do anything they want with them. I have just heard from a club in Tennessee that has studied contemporary literature for so many seasons, it thinks the time has come for a year on what Gilbert Murray calls "the literature of revelation", works that "have stood the test of time, broadening the vision, awakening the thoughts". The same sort of impulse made a club in New York, given since its beginning to the study of contemporary social drama, decide to spend this season on the Greek theatre in all its aspects, using for the plays Gilbert Murray's translations.

And here in conclusion is part of the program of a club pledged to the study of "Contemporary Literature and Social Problems", one that uses book reviews as the basis for miscellaneous programs. I can praise it the more freely because I had no hand in it — a club in Winnipeg asked me for advice in selecting books for a year's study of new movements in education, and thinking I "might feel some faint interest" in how they had gone to work the year before enclosed their year book. There are eight meetings: "Recent Tendencies of Religious Thought"; "Feminism"; "The Changing Social Order"; "Fundamentals of Government"; "Socialism", with a consideration of "Individualism as an Antidote"; "Immigration"; "Capital and Labor". Under each title on the program is printed a list of books with their authors: general literature, novels, essays, plays, and poetry. Books obtainable at the local library are starred. The constitution says that members of this club of thirty must be "willing to contribute to its discussions". How these are conducted I do not know, but they are certainly based on material widely chosen. Here is a bibliography on

MODERN LIFE AND THE FAMILY

ESSAYS

Parents and Children (preface to Misalliance), Bernard Shaw

NOVELS

Marriage, August Strindberg
The Great Hunger, Johan Bojer
Deadlock, Dorothy Richardson
Sons and Daughters, D. H. Lawrence
Marriage, H. G. Wells
The Green Mirror, Hugh Walpole
The Bent Twig, Dorothy Canfield
Beauty and Nick, Philip Gibbs
Alice Adams, Booth Tarkington
The Narrow House, Evelyn Scott
Bliss, Katherine Mansfield

POETRY

Fires, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson
Modern Love, George Meredith
Livelihood, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson
Domesday Book, Edgar Lee Masters
The Great Valley, Edgar Lee Masters
Cornhuskers, Carl Sandburg

PLAYS

Getting Married, Bernard Shaw
Waste, Granville Barker
A Bill of Divorcement, Clemence Dane
A Family Man, John Galsworthy
Plays from *Fifty Contemporary One-Act Plays*, edited by Frank Shay and Pierre Loving.

This proceeding is followed with all the subjects. No indications are printed on the program as to the method of use of the books: apparently it is left to the discretion of the leader.

A program committee may, if it chooses, get more fun and more profit from the year than anyone else in the club. If it does, the rest of the membership will be sure to get a great deal of both.

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THE LONDONER

Money in Trade and in Books---"Mr. Prohack"---Sequels---The Popularity of "If Winter Comes" and of Ethel M. Dell---Plays from Books---St. John Ervine and Middleton Murry---Highbrows---A Citizen of the World---New Mackenzie Books---"Ulysses".

LONDON, *May* 1, 1922.

I HEAR that a London bookseller, recently dead, left over forty thousand pounds. But I am told that the money was not made by bookselling. It never is. The publishers who die rich all owe their fortunes to some extra-publishing investments, such as mineral waters or legacies. I wish there were some kind of enterprise enabling authors to die rich. Some authors, apparently, have taken this notion to heart. They are going in for the movie business. I do not here refer to a syndicate that was formed some time ago by certain authors and actors for the production of certain particular films. That syndicate has yet to make any money. What I am thinking about is the sort of individual enterprise, of which there are several in existence, intended solely for the purpose of increasing the author's personal turnover. The thing is being done. I wonder whether there is to be a wave of business success in the lives of our artists. I doubt it. It is one thing to make a lot of money by luck; it is quite another thing to make money by business. If the writer has the extraordinary clumsiness of the ordinary business man, he cannot be much of a writer. If he is a clever man of business, he is probably too easily bored by the routine to continue in business. The making of money in itself has few charms for the intelligent man, of whatever kind. Everything depends upon the amount of scope there is for the pitting of his own skill and cunning against the comparable skill and cunning of others. Take away the romance of barter, and it becomes a thing to shock a really sensitive person. Nevertheless, there are these authors who think to make money by embarking upon a trade in which much money has been made (and lost) since the moving picture industry came into being.

I judge that money has been lost, because I have seen men who have had their ups and downs as it were before my eyes. I have seen them begin, not very well dressed, full of assurance. They have developed fur collars and huge cigars. They have declined to canvas shoes and frock coats and straw hats. All this in a few months. There must be strange changes in the film industry. One such man, who had precisely these stages of progress, had had a singular career before he took up films. He had been to prison at least once. He had been a writer of all sorts of things, a company promoter (it was this activity which led to his misfortune), and a general hanger on. Then came the "pictures", and he rose in a week to affluence. But he has disappeared again now. Whether he has gone into a branch of the film world of which I know nothing, cannot be said; but he is gone.

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So much for the authors who try to gain a living, and more than a living, by business. Let this tale be a warning.

* * * *

I have been reading "Mr. Prohack", in which there is a great deal of money. There is this to be said of Arnold Bennett's handling (in fiction) of enormous sums of money. It has not the engrossed and engrossing feverishness of Balzac, whose computations are endless. It is entirely extravagant, and lighthearted. If a Bennett hero gets money, as sooner or later appears inevitable, he has only one real idea. It is to spend it upon as lavish a scale as possible. The object may be theatres or pearl necklaces or yachts or any other encumbrance; but at any rate there is a fine spirit of recklessness in the affair. And has it been noticed how almost uniformly successful Bennett's heroes are with their investments? I think they represent a sort of waking humorous dream of the author's. All the same, without wishing to go back to the gloom of George Gissing's pictures of poverty, I should very much like to read a first-class contemporary novel in which the hero did not succeed. I know failure might imperil the book's chances of happy welcome in homes where the struggle with poverty is a daily preoccupation; but I should like to see it done. If somebody does not try to bring the book into being, I shall do it myself. This is a fair warning.

* * * *

The fact that Sir Harry Johnston has set a fashion of continuing the works of other authors has made a considerable difference to some of our authors who despair of finding subjects for their pens. They have been looking round among the unfinished novels left by celebrated authors, and taking them in hand. The example of "Edwin Drood" has long deterred all but the bravest in this line; but they are creeping out of their holes. I have recently been reading a most singular thing. It is perhaps not very well known that Jane Austen left a brief segment of a novel to which Austen-Leigh, in preparing her memoir, gave the title of "The Watsons". It is a delightful fragment. Now, what would not the real Austen lover give for a new novel by the incomparable miniaturist? Imagine "The Watsons" as a whole. Doesn't it make your mouth water? It has occurred to an enterprising lady to finish the book. Unfortunately she has not done it well, and her doing has made it clear how much the simple stories of Jane Austen resembled in outline the very inferior novels of our own day. Moreover, in the case of "The Watsons", which seems to have been written at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and therefore after "Pride and Prejudice" and "Sense and Sensibility", there is to be recalled the fact that it was discontinued by the author, and never resumed by her. It remains a fragment by her deliberate will. To me it seems possible that Jane Austen saw the difficulties in her path. She had a beautiful heroine; but she had no truly attractive man in her portfolio. A brainless lord, a clergyman (who was the hero, and only naturally so when we remember the calling of the heroes of "Northanger Abbey" and "Mansfield Park"), and a busybody flirt are the sole unattached men to be introduced in the early pages. Not one of these leaps to the eye as a hero. The other girls do not offer much scope for new variations, and their situation is that of motherless creatures with an infirm father who is not amusing in the way

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in which Mr. Woodhouse is amusing. The middle of the book is therefore dark to the wanderer in the fragment. But there is the delightful thought: how beautiful would it be if only this charming beginning could have led to one more complete book. I have read the completion proposed, and it will not do. It is of a different texture. One has only to read it to appreciate afresh the greatness of Jane Austen's genius. She was the one novelist who, among women, told stories which can still be read with humane enthusiasm. I cannot read "Pride and Prejudice", "Emma", or "Persuasion" without responding with personal emotion to the entirely personal beauty of the chief characters. To me, Anne Elliot, Elizabeth Bennet, and Emma are incessantly a source of delight.

* * * *

The "Times", which is trying to establish a daily page of book reviews and literary articles, has been encouraging correspondence upon the reasons for the success of "If Winter Comes". I mentioned last month that this book has had, proportionately, as big a success in England as in America. It has been read widely, and is still being read. And the intelligentsia is asking why this is. The intelligentsia is baffled by the popularity of any book to which it cannot apply the term "illiterate". Probably the true reason why so many people have liked "If Winter Comes" is that the book stands for sentiment. It is not gross, and it is not subtly sadistic, as many popular successes have been. Neither is it suggestive. But it is the work of a man who is not ashamed to employ sentiment, a sentiment which is obviously natural to him. Why should he not be sentimental? Most people are extremely sentimental about themselves and about those they love. Mr. Hutchinson carries over his affectionateness and his tender feeling to the people about whom he writes. That is all. Hence the baffled feeling of those whose sentimentality takes the form of sneering at popular success in novels, partly for the reason that they are too self-conscious to yield themselves to a story of sentiment.

A curious new portent is the attempt to account for the success of Ethel M. Dell. There was an article the other week in "The Outlook" which attempted to set out the true reasons for the popularity of this author. Immediately Rose Macaulay, herself an author who has abandoned sentiment for satire, wrote to point out that Miss Dell was illiterate. Now, is Miss Dell illiterate? In the sense in which I use the word she is not. Her English may not be the best English that is being written; but it is quite passable, and does not in any way challenge that of the late Nat Gould. On the other hand, Miss Macaulay, basing her remark upon experience in the war, asserts that Miss Dell's readers number quite as many men as women. I do not believe this as a general truth. But after all, men must read something, and if they are to read fiction, I think most of those who are not sufficiently intellectual to appreciate the psychological or analytical or satiric or merely exhaustive novel will prefer a story to anything else in the fiction way. Miss Dell's books, whatever their defects of manner and sentiment, are all stories. My own suggestion is that men read them with a different sort of gusto from women. Men read them purely for the story. Women, I think, read them with a more personal interest. But even if men have the same zest as women, it is not in the illiterate for

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its own sake. What happens in Miss Dell's stories as a rule is that some rather brutal man attracts a girl. It is a thing that happens often enough in real life. It is not the most delicate of men who inspire the most irresistible passions. After all, a delicate man invites disregard and resistance; while the bully does not know that he is being rebuffed. He is persistent, and he is also not over-constant. Imagine what a delight he must be, if not in reality at least in fiction, to a girl who requires to be "hunted". I cannot suppose that Miss Macaulay has ever had any wish to be hunted. She is far too intelligent and far too sensitive. But she has not sympathy with the less intelligent and less sensitive girl, who dreams of an ardent lover and gets a humdrum fellow who catches the same train every morning and makes love without spirit and without inventiveness. To such a girl the Dell hero is a whiff of romance. She responds to him with a sort of masochistic delight. The strong man, ever her ideal, is in being. Miss Macaulay will have to try again if she is to discover the Dell secret. She had better bring her uncanny intelligence to bear upon the problem of the young girl and her adorations. But even so, it would always be sufficient to account for Miss Dell's success that she tells a sentimental story, which it becomes more and more difficult to do as one becomes more and more self-conscious and intelligent regarding the relative unimportance of individual lives.

* * * *

Meanwhile, there is no sign upon the horizon of any rivals to Miss Dell. And one of her most popular competitors — though in a different field of story — is recently dead. I refer to Gertrude Page, who was a South African novelist with an enormous following here. Miss Page had lived to see the extraordinary success attending the production of a play taken from one of her novels — "Paddy, the Next Best Thing". This play broke records. I remember being present at its first performance, years ago; and it has only just been withdrawn. For ages it adorned the boards, and as it was given at one of the few theatres which is still to be had in London at a moderate rental, the author and producers must have made great sums of money. Plays derived from novels are not as a rule so successful. Even a play made, as I think I must have mentioned at the time of its appearance, from a novel by Miss Dell called "The Knave of Diamonds", did not achieve more than a moderate success. A. E. W. Mason's "Running Water", from the book of the same name, is petering out at Wyndham's Theatre and will be gone long before these notes reach America. I wonder what will be the fate of the dramatization of "If Winter Comes", which is to appear within a few weeks.

* * * *

St. John Ervine has a little one act tragedy in the newest Grand Guignol bill. It has been received with the joy most dramatic critics feel at something which attains its effect in the theatre, even though it be the work of a fellow critic. Ervine has also two other plays in preparation, which will probably be seen in the autumn. He is prepared, for he has left his flat at Golders Green and has at last invaded the West End in real earnest. His new home is within easy reach of the theatres, which will be an advantage to him, and it is also a most handsome and imposing affair. May it prove equally conducive to hard and excellent work.

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I have been sorry to see the controversy in the "Observer" between Ervine and Middleton Murry. It was over certain Shakespearian problems. Some snappy comments were exchanged. Ervine was said to "bellow", and Murry was told he was not and never could be a creative artist. I have no doubt that the combatants enjoyed the spar. I am never very sure, however, whether these indulgences in public fracas are to be commended. Personally, I should say they were not. But there it is. I remember being shocked—quite genuinely shocked—one time at hearing a man say, "I would never write a bad review of anybody—unless, of course, he had written one of me." This seems to me an unpardonable thing. One has, of course, distastes for individuals, and these are probably only natural. But serious hostilities are the greatest mistake. In the literary world, a disagreement is no excuse for animosity, and if we take a lowly enough view of our own work it should be easy to stomach an adverse criticism. It is easy—I have done it myself; and it should be the rule. It should even be the rule to return courtesy for non-comprehension. But it is not the rule. I do not for one moment suggest that the Ervine-Murry controversy was anything outside the day's work. Both of these men are naturally good tempered, and neither, I am sure, will take permanently amiss anything said by the other. In their case, I merely regret the public nature of the appearances of the combatants. It did not seem to me that either showed a remarkable knowledge of the subject under debate, and as a matter of fact neither claimed any such knowledge. That was one of the features of the row.

Murry has published a book called "The Problem of Style". I have heard this very day a discussion of the term "highbrow", and of the people to whom it can be truthfully applied. I took no part in the discussion, but it was cordially assumed that nobody present was regarded as highbrow. Gradually the fact emerged that the term was one of reproach. "I'll tell you a highbrow," said one of the contestants; "Middleton Murry." There was no dissent. This set me thinking, especially when one of the others said that we were not lowbrows either. I thought we were. It seemed to me that one must be one or the other. As far as I know there is no intermediate term. Yet how many that repudiate the title "highbrow" would accept the alternative style? Very few. The truth is that when you start throwing terms about they have a tendency either to return or to leave an unanswered question. What of the user of the words? The test of humor was introduced as the final thing which distinguished the highbrow from his fellows. When I heard that, I groaned, for if there is one thing above any other which each man in the talking world thinks he possesses in a unique degree, it is humor. We are all mad about it. We think there is some peculiar quality in our own sense of it which is unshared by any other person whatever. The claim to humor is about the most betraying sign of lack of humor that is to be found. When any critic says of a book that it "lacks the saving grace of humor", a spasm of horror should run through all decent people. The most wooden minded man (of great intelligence) I have ever known rejoiced daily in the possession of a sense of humor. When he complimented me upon my own, my heart sank. It was then that I first truly appreciated the vanity of

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human aspirations. And also the ineffable foolishness of man. It is probably much the same with the term "highbrow". This term, like so many of our most poignant expressions of truth, came from America. What it means there I cannot say, but judging from today's conversation about it the term has come to grief in England.

* * * *

Hugh Walpole seems to have taken up the rôle of citizen of the world. It is not so very long since he was in Denmark. And during the last few weeks I have had communications from four different parts of Europe. He has progressed from Vienna to Munich, and from Munich to Florence; from Florence to Naples, and so on to Sicily, where he has been witnessing the Greek play at Syracuse. What happens to him next I cannot say, but I gather that he is working as he goes, revising his new long novel, which I assume to be in hand for the autumn. The book should be interesting, as it deals with a kind of life which Walpole knows intimately from the inside—the life of an English cathedral town. Walpole's friend, Beresford, attempted this milieu on one occasion, in a book called "These Lynnekers", but Walpole, I gather, has been working upon a really huge scale, which can only be compared to the longer Trollope novels.

Mackenzie has two new novels appearing this year. One of them will come shortly, under the title of "The Altar Steps"; the other, which is for the autumn, is "The Seven Ages of Women". These two books, either recently completed or very nearly finished, will be the results of a year's tenancy of the Island of Herm; so it will be interesting to see what effect the air of the Channel has had on the author.

The book that is all the rage just now among those who assess literary reputations is of course "Ulysses" by James Joyce. It is a marvelous piece of book production, superficially resembling nothing so much as a telephone directory. I have heard about half a dozen highly expert views of the work. They vary. One man could not leave his copy lightly in the home, in case it led to homely inquiry as to the meaning of certain esoteric passages. Another found it a revelation of dementia. Another thought it a masterpiece. The remaining critics thought it could not be ignored, but on the whole the impression of their judgment which remains with me is that "Ulysses" is not a permanent contribution to great literature. One of the most sagacious critics of the day considered that its chief significance was that it did something which would not again require to be done. But he did not achieve explicitness upon the point, whether it was worth doing. The sale of the book, which is necessarily difficult, owing to the character of the subject matter and the way it has been handled, and also owing to the manner in which publication has occurred in Paris, and at an extremely high price, is likely to be that of works marked "curious" in second-hand catalogues. That copies of it will ever reach the open market is very unlikely. Whether this is a criticism of the author or of our moral code I must leave to those who have read "Ulysses".

Joyce lives, and has for some time been living, in Paris, where he is made much of by the Bohemians. I am told that he spends a part of each day in the shop of Shakespeare and Company, from which "Ulysses" has been published; and that he goes daily to dinner at the same restaurant, ac-

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companied by his wife and two children. But beyond that, and the common anecdotes which arise regarding any figure reputed bizarre, I hear nothing very distinctive. A young man, Joyce had, as one may gather from "The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man", a Catholic education, and was intended for the priesthood; but he is not in sympathy with the Ireland of the present, and for long has lived almost entirely upon the Continent.

SIMON PURE

THE CABIN PASSES

By Milton Raison

BEAUTY and love and tenderness and joy:
These things our Cabin knew. Why, it was dressed
With such an eye for seemliness, caressed
With such solicitude, decked for scope
In such a lovely manner! Heaven and hope,
And wistful fumblings for the truth and right,
Grew out of day to crown a perfect night.

This room contained our souls, our thoughts that rose
In questioning; and how we searched for those
Elusive things called love and wealth and art!
This room that knew our secrets of the heart,
That felt our pulse-beats on its airy breast,
That measured our footsteps, gave the body rest,
Contained all kindly things to give us ease—
Passes now into a long decease.

And we have many memories to keep:
The magic of a love-consorted sleep;
The mellow music clinging round its walls;
The breathless waiting for the other's knock,
The running to the door, the opened lock,
The swift embrace, the happiness, the peace,
The love that watched the jealous hours increase,
And begged the deep-toned clock its striking cease.

So beauty fades, and so the days grow cold,
The nights grow lonely; all we built, destroyed.
And we ephemeral mortals who have toyed
With such elusive things as love and art—
Take these passings woefully to heart.

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BROADWAY, OUR LITERARY SIGNPOST

By Kenneth Andrews

With Sketches by the Author

ONE day recently at lunch we were fortunate enough to secure a window table at the Waldorf. Outside the sun fell across Fifth Avenue in great splashes of gold. It was a clear, fresh day. The traffic tower at Thirty-fourth Street rose gleaming white out of the shadow which stained its base, like a lighthouse in a purple bay. The windshields of the passing motor cars flashed brightly like marching whitecaps in the sun. The straw hats of the loitering garment workers from below Thirty-second Street were touched with magic and looked like drifting water lilies.

Inside the dining room everything was subdued and dim in contrast with the brightness outside. Our eye traveled about the room and alighted upon a dazzling creature at a corner table. Serene and beautiful in her black summer gown and her luxurious summer furs, she seemed the happy embodiment of the early summer day. Bursting with gratitude to our Maker for placing us on such a lovely earth, craving utterance for the song in our heart, we leaned across to our companion and, nodding toward the exquisite creature at the corner table, we said, "That's a swell looking girl over there."

Our companion leveled calm eyes at the corner table for (it seemed) but an instant. "Yes," she said; "isn't she attractive? I think black is so nice. Becoming to almost any coloring. I wish I had the courage to wear it, but of course if you do everyone takes you for a shopgirl. Furs are a blessing, too, about one's chin; they hide just the right things if your neck isn't nice. And her hat is really almost perfect. It's copied from a model in Bendel's window, but very cleverly done. Some girls are so clever. Just a little wire frame and some things you can pick up anywhere, and they can make a hat that looks as though it had cost at least a hundred dollars. She has just a little too much color on, but then she probably didn't know she was going to sit near a window. That's the trouble with depending on make up of course. And jewelry like that is getting to be quite a fad. It is really. Even the best dressed women in Paris wear artificial jewelry, they say. I suppose they have to do it there, because of the war and everything. But it's nice to have it fashionable if you can't afford the real thing, though I suppose one would be tempted to put too awful much of it on. I wonder how old she is. It's so hard to tell sometimes. . . ."

We looked again at the corner table and found that our admiration had given way to sympathy. Quite a pathetic old creature after all, she was. Probably at least thirty-eight, clinging forlornly to the last traces of a misspent youth. However, the unfortunate thing was that, before we had been given the correct and informing analysis of her, she had been beautiful to us.

We have had poems spoiled for us

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in just that way; and pictures, and music. A little technical knowledge of things meant to be beautiful is a

LOUIS CALVERT

The stage directions which describe the Chief in "What the Public Wants" read, " . . . in brief he is Mr. Louis Calvert". In the Theatre Guild production of the play Mr. Calvert is, in brief, the Chief.

dangerous thing, too much is a crime. When one presumes to tell another what is wrong—or even what is right—about a work of art he should tread very gently. The ideal critic, no doubt, is a blend of the old family physician and the priest. Criticism when addressed to the uninitiate (and especially when practised by the uninitiate), should be designed to deepen appreciation rather than to disillusionize. A botanist knows a lot about flowers, but he is the last person in the world to tell you why a rose is beautiful. The first thing he would do would be to pull it to pieces for you, and then it would not be beautiful at all.

Sometimes on Thursday afternoons one thinks, with a shudder, of the thousands of Thanatopsis Clubs meeting in thousands of towns throughout the land. Those honest ladies have come together for the purpose of studying the drama. They really want to acquire a more intelligent attitude toward the theatre. But the mind reels at the thought of what happens to the plays brought before those inquisitorial sessions. The fate of the plays is disturbing enough, but the worst of it is, of course, that the members themselves, in their zeal, may cripple for life their faculty of appreciation. That is, they may systematically tear down the very thing they are devoting their afternoons to building up. There is no reason why this should be true; and it is not always true; it depends altogether on the attitude adopted. But it is easier to pull to pieces the dramatist's conception than it is to piece together our own conception of what he has succeeded in accomplishing; and any deliberate study of the drama, to be worth while, must surely depend on the latter process.

So often, it would seem, the drama societies lose sight of this. The tendency is to resort to rule and catchphrase, to lapse into the easy, vitiating ways of the classroom. Suppose, for example, after a play has been "taken up" in the usual way the secretary of the club should be instructed to prepare for the printer the text of the play, so that the members might have in printed form the results of their labors. It would be a tome loaded with footnotes, an exhaustive index, a complete biography of the author. The footnotes would be merely distracting. The biography would be at best irrelevant, at worst an indictment of the author's morals. The play itself would be lost forever, so far as the members were concerned.

But if the purpose of the club had been to understand and appreciate, rather than document, we can picture a different volume coming from the

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printer. It would be a book containing merely the lines of the play in large, clear type; and there would be a frontispiece and a half dozen illustrations by Maxfield Parrish. In other words the illusions the dramatist had sought to create would simply be magnified and visualized, and clarified. Whether or not one comes to the consideration of the drama formally, as an earnest club member, surely the only sensible aim is to accomplish just this. It can be accomplished, of course. Whether it is, to repeat, depends entirely on the point of view.

After which we turn to a consideration of Arnold Bennett's "What the Public Wants", and address ourself to the pleasant business of pointing out its technical faults.

Bennett is astonishingly inept as a playwright; and his deficiencies are, for the most part, due to his lack of theatre technique. He is always the novelist: his plays, really, are novels condensed into descriptive dialogue; they are not dramatizations of his plots. The lines he puts into the mouths of his characters are, despite all the trained human voice can do for them, speeches rather than talk. They do not create the illusion of reality; they do not establish atmosphere; they do not reveal character. They have a bookish tinge about them which keeps obtruding. They keep reminding one that behind the glittering lights and pleasant people on the stage there is a literary gentleman who is, for a change, expressing his ideas through a set of actors. It is surprising. No one has a keener sense of character than Bennett, the novelist. But Bennett, the playwright, seems to talk about his characters rather than cause his characters to talk for themselves.

Sir Charles Worgan, in the cold glare of the stage lights, is not a big business man; he is a writer's idea of what a big business man is like. Bennett wants us to regard him as a bluff, blunt fingered, square headed Caliban of the newspaper world. So when Sir Charles proposes marriage to the woman of his choice, he says, "Now that world 'love' — I can't use that word . . . ", and then he proceeds to psychoanalyze himself with rare understanding. What he says about himself is true—about his type of man; but while this talk is going on the audience in the theatre is getting a definite impression of Sir Charles Worgan. We see a man who, despite his physical bulk and despite what the others say about his obtuseness, is as subtly introspective and as clever at talking about his reactions as a poet of the Younger Generation.

GRANT MITCHELL

Playing a most unusual star rôle in "Kempy", an amusing late-season play which takes its name from the character played by one of the young actors in Mr. Mitchell's support.

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This is a weakness in Bennett noticeable in all his plays, but in "What the Public Wants" his lack of the theatre sense gets him into more serious difficulties. His very method of presentation forces our sympathy toward Sir Charles, which is just where it should not be. For one thing Sir Charles is playing rather a lone hand against the rest of the cast. That, in itself, is enough to win over to him the last eight rows of the orchestra and practically the entire balcony. Also the wary theatregoer eyes with suspicion anyone on the stage who complacently gives utterance to the things all rightminded people are expected to believe. He has been taught that, at such lines, he must show his sophistication and his grasp of the playwright's real meaning by laughing harshly. In "What the Public Wants" he is expected to applaud the very sentiments he himself might utter about William Randolph Hearst; and that is befuddling. Everyone in the play, save Sir Charles himself, rather assumes that he or she is on winking terms with the audience; which makes Sir Charles the unanimous favorite. That is the author's fault. In constructing his play as he does, Bennett gives the impression that Sir Charles is opposing the compact majority, whereas the real point is that he, with his power and his millions, is the creature of the compact majority.

As a comment on big journalism and its evils it is not very effective in the theatre. It all seems a curious miscalculation on the author's part, and it is interesting for that very reason. The net effect is, in a sense, the antithesis of what Bennett expected. Because of the methods he adopts we, as the audience, are driven to find excuses for the man we should despise. We ask who this public is, and why it should be protected. Isn't it better, we ask, for it to read about Peggy Hopkins than to read nothing? If Emily Vernon, in the play, felt so strongly about giving the public what it ought to want, why did she not sacrifice herself and marry Sir Charles, since he had proved quite docile under her caresses?

THE DRAMA SHELF

"A Family Man" by John Galsworthy (Scribner). Showing what happens in afterwar England when the dominant male tries to be dominant. It might almost be regarded as a "reply" to the same author's earlier play, "The Fugitive".

"The Love Match" by Arnold Bennett (Doran). Delightful reading. Another reminder that the author is most successful as a victrola playwright. He can bring the theatre into your own home. In the library he is decidedly theatrical; in the theatre he is decidedly literary.

"Ambush" by Arthur Richman (Duffield). Another play that gives you a better evening at home than it does in the theatre. On the printed page it is quite a remarkable Portrait of a Tenth-Rate Man; and an important contribution to the growing body of flapper literature as well.

"The Social Plays of Arthur Wing Pinero" edited by Clayton Hamilton, volume IV (Dutton). The text of "The Thunderbolt" and "Mid-Channel" with a thoughtful critical preface for each by Mr. Hamilton. A book which can scarcely be covered in, as you might say, the space at our disposal.

"Franklin" by Constance D'Arcy Mackay (Holt). In the course of which a hard-boiled printer grouses about the long hours and low pay. Another hard-boiled printer bangs him on the shoulder, shifts his quid of tobacco, makes a flat-handed gesture, and says out of the corner of his mouth, "Come, lad. Remember night and the joys of the tavern!"

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The play was mounted with the Theatre Guild's usual care, and it was excellently directed by Louis Calvert; but why it was revived at all is something of a mystery.

"Fanny Hawthorn", the play which was erroneously called "Hindle Wakes" by its deceased author, is unquestionably a model of its kind. Here we have a mind at work which is most sensitively attuned to the theatre's exacting demands. Fundamentally the story is as old as the theatre itself. The prince seduces the peasant girl and there is the devil to pay. In the long series of plays written on this scenario the devil has been paid in various ways. In "Fanny Hawthorn" the final settlement is novel; but, until the very end, it is the old, old story. Yet, even today, ten years after it was written, it seems fresh and new, a daring departure in modern realism. For these people, as we see them on the stage, are real. Houghton knew how to make allowances for the deceptive glare of the footlights; he was able to write as sincerely for the stage as Bennett writes for the library.

Houghton had, too, the rare ability to transmute into emotion conflict which is, in essence, intellectual. Fanny Hawthorn, in refusing to marry the man who had wronged her, was expressing (when she first expressed it) an intellectual point of view, and an original one. Here was a chance for rhetoric that few authors would have had the courage to pass by. But in this play there is no rhetoric. Fanny, who has been doing a lot of thinking, merely says fumblingly and a bit curtly, that she does not see why young Jeffcote would be less a blackguard after marrying her than he was when they went away together.

It might be said that each of the characters is expressing a social point of view. They might be regarded as types. Their opinions, as expressed,

BARNEY BERNARD

In "Partners Again" he and Alexander Carr return to their life work: the portrayal of the famous serial biography of Abe and Mawruss. Only the press agent knows how many laughs per minute there are in the current chapter.

partake of satire. But never once do we lose sight of the struggling, unhappy human soul behind the opinions. The story, in brief, is dramatized. The author submerges himself in his characters, submerges his ideas in their emotions.

That is one way to write a play: to take real people and make them theatre-proof. Another way is to take theatre-proof, stock figures and make them seem real. Two distinct methods of writing, and one is inclined to say that the successful playwright must follow one or the other.

Potash and Perlmutter for example are, superficially, sure-fire, theatre-proof, stock figures. At first glance they seem to be blood relatives of all the Jewish comedians in all the burlesque shows from "The Black Crook" down to "Chuckles of 1922". Perhaps they are. But in "Partners Again" they seem warm, living portraits of real people. The play is devised with

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superb skill. It succeeds in being just what the authors meant it to be: tremendously amusing in the theatre. Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman were concerned only with the task of writing a play that would register one hundred per cent. in the theatre. But the finished product, simply because it is so sound theatrically, is really as eloquent a revelation of the Jewish character as we could expect to have on the stage. At least you may read that into it afterward, if you like; while it is going on, it is just a funny play; and that is enough.

"Chains of Dew" by Susan Glaspell, on the other hand, represents a lamentable failure to get into stage terms a story which is in itself rather admirable. Miss Glaspell, as a playwright, seems to fall between two stools. She is too earnest a student of life to write merely stage plays; and she is too inexperienced a craftswoman to give stage effectiveness to her convictions. "Kempy" by J. C. Nugent and Elliott Nugent is, despite the handicap of its title and despite the hoary vaudeville gags which occasionally jump out and bite at you, one of the funniest plays of the season. "The Bronx Express", done over from the Yiddish by Owen Davis, seems just to miss being something quite fine. "The Red Geranium", produced independently by the author, reminds one that the professional managers know their business.

Why anyone should try to make a play of Dostoyevsky's "The Idiot" we do not know. John Cowper Powys and Reginald Pole did try it, and a strange, crippled thing their play was. Imagine "Les Misérables" in eight short scenes! After the inevitable murder and the mad scenes of the last act, one thanked God again for Balieff. In view of what the world has known of Russian literature heretofore Lenin's Committee on Public Information should endow "La Chauve Souris" for the next twenty-five years.

THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonora Speyer

"THE Poems of the Month"—and the month, April; which means that many of the poems are *about* April but emphatically does *not* mean that the calendar influence has scored a victory. There is an April poem of Stephen Vincent Benét in "The New Republic" which lingers in the memory, it is so engagingly and charmingly a honeymoon poem of a honeymoon April. I quote only the first stanza as I must be wary of the length of this little review, having chosen too many poems perhaps to do

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justice to any of them. Mr. Benét's verses are called, "Oh, tricksy April", and start off gaily in this fashion:

To sleep so long's a frantic thing
For pretty wives and bards,
When callers wait about like Spring
With buds and birds for cards!

The group of four poems in "The Century", "Sea Moods and Sea Men", by Milton Raison, delighted me. I wish I could give at least three of them, but reluctantly choose the last of the group, with a little sigh as I relinquish the second and third:

PORTRAIT OF A SAILOR

Humped o'er the rail, eyes on the sea he stands,
A filling figure of a man whose hands
Have never touched an object light enough
To do it reverence; the sacred stuff
Of love, forbearance, faith, he never knew.
And he is cruel in his sportive way,
And cunning in his mischief-making, too;
He has no further use of any day,
But takes it as it comes and lives it through.
Grumbling at sea, carousing in a port,
And so again—that circle's his retort
To all the beauty molded out for him.
Strange his keen eyes should be so sadly dim!

What is the saving grace that made him loved,
Written about, and praised where'er he roved?
Truly, I do not know, but seeing there
His figure by the rail, his eyes to sea,
His red face crinkled, and the wind in his hair,
I do not dare deny his majesty.

"The Double-Dealer" has a beautiful poem by Katharine Lee Bates, which I give in full.

SARAH THREENEEDLES
(*Boston, 1698*)

By the grim grace of the Puritans she had been brought
Into their frigid meeting-house to list
Her funeral sermon before the rope ran taut.
Soft neck that he had kissed!

Through the narrow window her dazed blue eyes could see
The rope. Like a glittering icicle it hung
From the hoar cross-beam of the horrible gallows-tree.
His arms about her flung!

Two captive Indians and Guinea slave
Hating at heart the merciless white God,
In the stubborn ground were hacking her shallow grave.
Sweet April they had trod!

Her shivering neighbors thrilled to the fierce discourse
Of the minister, who thundered the dire sting
Of a sinner's death till his vehement voice went hoarse.
She heard love's whispering.

And still she stood while the frozen communion bread,
That the preacher broke ere he poured the chilly wine,
Rattling into the plates, her judges fed.
Her food was more divine.

There is another poem in "The Double-Dealer" that I cannot leave unnoticed, by Maxwell Bodenheim, America's Rabelais. It is a delicate little thing called "Garbage-Heap", and I sniff deliciously at a few of its lines as I pass; at the wind, "shrill and mercenary, like a sodden housewife pacing down the sky", and at the tin cans which make a "debris of ludicrous dissipations", "their brilliant labels peeping from the weeds like the remains of a charlatan", also the bone "reclining against a fence-post and mouldily congratulating life"; and certainly the "woman's garter wasting its faded frills upon a newspaper argument".

Witter Bynner's poem in "The Dial", "Donald Evans", is unlike anything I have read of his. It is almost as if he had decided to write a poem *for* "The Dial"—and succeeded. Still, I like it! I give the last verse only:

And down the coffins of the race
Tiptoe and stumble till he found his own,
Then clear his throat and decorate his face
With the consummate silence of a stone.

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Carl Sandburg looms almost as high as his subject in "Washington Monument by Night", in "Harper's Magazine". I quote parts of it:

The stone goes straight.
A lean swimmer dives into night sky,
Into half-moon mist.
. . . . . .

Eight years is a long time
To be fighting all the time.

The republic is a dream.
Nothing happens unless first a dream.
. . . . . .

The name of an iron man goes over the world.
It takes a long time to forget an iron man.

The editorial pencil hangs in a Damoclean gesture over me. Edgar Lee Masters's "Golden Fox", in the "Broom", is a very long and characteristically, brutally, vivid poem of heart chase and heart disillusion, ending laconically,

Well, then I walk off, not worried,
And walk back not interested—
. . . . . .

And to end, I scotch the fox
And here's the pelt,
I nail it on the wall of my habitation.

One wonders a little how the scotched lady feels about it all.

"Poetry" offers a "Southern Number" for the month. Their April is in no way advanced on ours, it seems to me, "Hag-Hollerin' Time" by Hervey Allen being the only poem of the group that stands out from the rather colorless collection. Joseph Auslander has poems in many magazines, in "Contemporary Verse", in "The Measure", in "Voices", and in "The New Republic", the latter publication carrying off the honors I think with his "Ebb-Tide". Amanda Hall writes with lovely spontaneous touches of an authentic gift, from her New England home. In "Voices" she says, in a poem called "Growth" from which I take three stanzas:

In shingles of gray calico, the house where I was born,
Had pocket-slits for window-panes and doors by brambles torn,
But never room was great enough to harbor pride or scorn.
. . . . . .
My tangled foot was fretting and my arms were sick for space,
The ceiling's cloudy plaster brewed a storm above my face—
I cracked my cell, breathed paradise, ran screaming from the place!
. . . . . .
Oh House of Infinite Delight, at last my home is where
The sun is never hidden by partitions in the air,
And heaven is the only roof above a windy stair!

I close with Edna St. Vincent Millay's carelessly lovely sonnet in "Vanity Fair", in which, reckless and mischievous and sure, she trips her fourteen lines as a dancer might, past-master-mistress of herself, and of the hearts of her readers surely.

SONNET

Oh, oh, you will be sorry for that word!
Give back my book, and take my kiss instead.
Was it my enemy or my friend I heard,
"What a big book for such a little head!"?
Come, I will show you now my newest hat,
And you may watch me purse my mouth and prink,—
Oh, I shall love you still and all of that.
I never again shall tell you what I think.
I shall be sweet and crafty, soft and sly;
You will not catch me reading any more;
I shall be called a wife to pattern by.
And some day when you knock and push the door,
Some sane day, not too bright and not too stormy,
I shall be gone, and you may whistle for me.

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of the new fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Monthly Book Bulletin", and "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor especially recommends are marked with a star.*

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1921—*Doubleday, Page.* The annual collection of the year's best fiction of the somewhat popular type.

THE AMOURETTA LANDSCAPE—Adeline Adams—*Houghton Mifflin.* A pleasant little group of modern "Twice-Told Tales".

JEWISH CHILDREN—Shalom Aleichem—*Knopf.* An old wag wags about his childhood in Lithuania. Altogether delightful.

THROUGH THE SHADOWS—Cyril Alington—*Macmillan.* Light pages serviceable as a sleep inducer in a summer resort hammock.

HIDDEN GOLD—Wilder Anthony—*Macaulay.* Just another western story but a good one.

THE CHALICE OF THE CHIPPED RUBY—J. Christian Bay—*Walter M. Hill.* A ruby's career becomes emblematic of life. Excellent.

THE NINTH VIBRATION—L. Adams Beck—*Dodd, Mead.* Any restless brain could well take one of these short stories daily before retiring. The mysticism of the Orient pervades them with a definite charm.

*MR. PROHACK—Arnold Bennett—*Doran.* Mr. Bennett, in an idle mood, gets a great deal of amusing 1922 worldly wisdom into a novel of the new rich.

PETER—E. F. Benson—*Doran.* A pleasant story of the marriage of a popular young dancing partner of London débutantes.

THE BRIGHT MESSENGER—Algernon Blackwood—*Dutton.* More arguments for the *super*-natural. If you don't believe in fairies you will call it dual personality.

THE KINGFISHER—Phyllis Bottome—*Doran.* A boy of the English slums plus Cambridge plus the cause of labor plus the love of a girl of good family; and the reach toward Beauty through it all.

THE YELLOW POPPY—D. K. Broster—*McBride.* Well written and absorbing story of the French Royalists' last struggles in a losing cause.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF COOMBE—Frances Hodgson Burnett—*Stokes.* A quiet story of exceedingly well bred Londoners as seen by an Americanized Englishwoman.

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THE CAMOMILE—Catherine Carswell—*Harcourt, Brace.* A most conventional diary of a young woman, intended to show her development through unexciting experiences.

THE SIN OF MONSIEUR PETTIPON, AND OTHER HUMOROUS TALES—Richard Connell—*Doran.* An entertaining collection of plums from Mr. Lorimer's weekly pudding. *(See page 526.)*

THE VANISHING POINT—Coningsby Dawson—*Cosmopolitan.* George Barr McCutcheon crossed with E. Phillips Oppenheim. For them as likes it.

*MEMOIRS OF A MIDGET—Walter de la Mare—*Knopf.* A subtle prose masterpiece depicting the tragedy of the abnormal with charm, humor, and yet a deep understanding of its pathos.

THE VEHEMENT FLAME—Margaret Deland—*Harper.* The flame is jealousy, which is only natural when a woman of forty marries a boy of nineteen. Well written with some excellent psychology.

FRANK OF FREEDOM HILL—Samuel A. Derieux—*Doubleday, Page.* Frank is a big Irish setter, and his biographer has made something to lie close to the heart of any dog lover.

RED DUSK AND THE MORROW—Sir Paul Dukes—*Doubleday, Page.* An unpatterned detective story; unpatterned because true.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED—F. Scott Fitzgerald—*Scribner.* Mr. Fitzgerald finds marriage disillusioning and cocktails tepid.

JIMINY—Gilbert W. Gabriel—*Doran.* Pleasant whimsicality for anyone who is himself a dyed-in-the-wool whimsy.

A SON OF THE SAHARA—Louise Gerard—*Macaulay.* More "Sheik" than chic.

MR. ANTIPHILOS, SATYR—Remy de Gourmont, translated by John Howard—*Lieber, Lewis.* A satyr steps out of mythology into today to give the Comstockians many a bad night and others uncounted chuckles at the French master's droll satire.

THE LOVE CHASE—Felix Grendon—*Small, Maynard.* To prove that the love which is free is a withering fig tree, while marital love is a blossoming rose.

TO THE LAST MAN—Zane Grey—*Harper.* A feud, with red blood, morals, and sentiment.

THE LADY IN BLUE—Augusta Groner, translated by Grace Isabel Colbron—*Duffield.* A Central European Sherlock Holmes without as skilful a biographer as Conan Doyle, but capable of slight surprises just the same.

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THE RUSTLE OF SILK—Cosmo Hamilton—*Little, Brown.* John Bull, in the agony of postbellum fever, is given an impossible loving and lovable nurse.

THE EYES OF LOVE—Corra Harris—*Doran.* A novel of feminine tact (or guile). Weak in plot but strong in humorously wise observations.

SAINT TERESA—Henry Sydnor Harrison—*Houghton Mifflin.* Lengthy proof that there ain't no such critter as The Woman Who Hates Love.

*MARIA CHAPDELAINE—Louis Hémon—*Macmillan.* An exquisitely told idyl of French-Canadian life.

CYTHEREA—Joseph Hergesheimer—*Knopf.* What most women think their husbands are. Underdone Freud and super-Robert W. Chambers. Will add to the pocketbook but not the reputation of the author of "The Three Black Pennys".

*THE DARK FLEECE: WILD ORANGES: TUBAL CAIN—Joseph Hergesheimer—*Knopf.* Three powerfully brilliant short stories in Hergesheimer's best manner reprinted in an attractive three volume edition. *(See page 521.)*

ABBÉ PIERRE—Jay William Hudson—*Appleton.* Life through the eyes of a gentle priest in far off Gascony. Very charming.

THE SHEIK—E. M. Hull—*Small, Maynard.* Cave man appeal for bridge playing ladies.

*IF WINTER COMES—A. S. M. Hutchinson—*Little, Brown.* Mr. Hutchinson's brilliant achievement, somewhat in the manner of Charles Dickens.

MORTAL COILS—Aldous Huxley—*Doran.* For the initiate, five pieces of literary cleverness comparable to the exploits of a trapeze artist with an enticing smile. Mr. Huxley avoids salaciousness by his humorous detachment.

SIMON CALLED PETER—Robert Keable—*Dutton.* Good writing here acts as a shock absorber.

THE TRUTH ABOUT VIGNOLLES—Albert Kinross—*Century.* Vivid and colorful short stories about adventure in the East and women everywhere.

THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR—Peter B. Kyne—*Cosmopolitan.* A story of diligence and virtue rewarded. Regulation success pattern.

*SEARCH—Margaret Rivers Larminie—*Putnam.* Hearing no call of quarter from her sex, the author, daringly and with a startling knowledge of man's mental machine, tells of a husband's reaction to a disagreeable marriage.

*AARON'S ROD—D. H. Lawrence—*Seltzer.* A counter irritant for books ending with a vanilla flavored embrace, for here is a man revolting against marriage after a dozen years of it, with the unpleasant reasons excellently developed.

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THE STRETTON STREET AFFAIR—William Le Queux—*Macaulay.* Gosh! It's exciting!

WHAT TIMMY DID—Mrs. Belloc Lowndes—*Doran.* Up to date ghosts, pretty good at raising one's hair.

*THE UNSPEAKABLE GENTLEMAN—J. P. Marquand—*Scribner.* Adventure that is always one jump ahead of itself, with as agreeable a hero as ever lived. *(See page 525.)*

BIG PETER—Archibald Marshall—*Dodd, Mead.* A "Little Lord Fauntleroy" for grown ups. Extremely pleasant.

MOUNTED JUSTICE—Katherine Mayo—*Houghton Mifflin.* Exploits of the State Police sentimentalized but still of interest.

HOMELAND—Margaret Hill McCarter—*Harper.* A medley of "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Love's Old Sweet Song".

LOVE AND DIANA—Concordia Merrel—*Seltzer.* This is the stuff the dowagers are supposed to gloat on, though thinner than some of recent notoriety.

CALVARY—Octave Mirbeau, translated by Louis Rich—*Lieber, Lewis.* Gruesome indeed is the view into the mental mechanism of this neurotic, and maddening his frantic, horrible love affair.

THE GAUNTLET OF ALCESTE—Hopkins Moorhouse—*McCann.* Now and then there is a thrill as the detective searches through a typical summertime book for the last chapter surprise.

BEST LAID SCHEMES—Meredith Nicholson—*Scribner.* A book of short stories that can be given to anyone at any time.

BRASS—Charles G. Norris—*Dutton.* Kathleen Norris's husband writes of marriage as one man sees it. He is not, he assures the public, his own hero.

LUCRETIA LOMBARD—Kathleen Norris—*Doubleday, Page.* Not bad at all but like a million others.

THE GREAT PRINCE SHAN—E. Phillips Oppenheim—*Little, Brown.* Best seller diplomacy with the bogey wearing a mandarin coat.

THE ADVENTURES OF ANTOINE—H. Collinson Owen—*McCann.* A Frenchman in rapidly moving ridiculous situations, generally laugh provocatives.

TARRANT OF TIN SPOUT—Henry Oyen—*Doran.* That lovable, blue eyed cowboy hero, now in the oil business, carries out his wooing in his old but always charming way.

DOORS OF THE NIGHT—Frank L. Packard—*Doran.* Makes you forget your ambition to be a highbrow.

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KIMONO—John Paris—*Boni, Liveright.* Japan served *à la* Babylonia, followed by a poorly seasoned happy-ever-after.

BARBARA JUSTICE—Diana Patrick—*Dutton.* Fate, shuffling the cards, wears a Pollyanna smile to assure all the time an eventual happy marriage and inheritance.

MUD HOLLOW—Simon Patten—*Dorrance.* A rather heady mixture of strong sociology and weak fiction.

THE MOON OUT OF REACH—Margaret Pedler—*Doran.* Satisfying romance for your weaker moments. For women only.

A VIRGINIA SCOUT—Hugh Pendexter—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Digging back into the days of muzzle-loading rifles and wild, wild Indians, there is Cupid—a seeming anachronism in blood and battle.

*MEN OF AFFAIRS—Roland Pertwee—*Knopf.* A thriller of distinction. High finance, adventure, love, mixed competently in a novel manner. *(See page 523.)*

HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER—Gene Stratton-Porter—*Doubleday, Page.* For those who love California and nature, but not the Japanese.

AN ORDEAL OF HONOR—Anthony Pryde—*McBride.* A fairly well written study of the English middle class.

*VANDEMARK'S FOLLY—Herbert Quick—*Bobbs-Merrill.* The well told autobiography of Jake Vandemark through the colonization period in the middle west.

MAN-SIZE—William MacLeod Raine—*Houghton Mifflin.* A blood stirring romance of the great northwest.

PIERRE AND LUCE—Romain Rolland—*Holt.* A romance of young love in wartime, delicately and beautifully drawn.

INTRUSION—Beatrice Kean Seymour—*Seltzer.* A notable novel on repenting at leisure with some fine characterization.

SELECTED STORIES FROM O. HENRY—C. Alphonso Smith—*Doubleday, Page.* Getting the best of O. Henry with fine discrimination.

THERE GOES THE GROOM—Gordon Arthur Smith—*Dutton.* One of those intentionally impossible plots, capable of winning a few more smiles than the average of its species.

DANCERS IN THE DARK—Dorothy Speare—*Doran.* Jazz, cocktails, and the amusing lines of those naughty young people wrapped round sweet sixteen's idea of a lovely love story.

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*GENTLE JULIA—Booth Tarkington—*Doubleday, Page.* Again the irrepressible youngsters of both sexes in their unripened 'teens, making tomorrow's beauties dull in the glad glow of yesterday's memories.

THE EYES OF THE VILLAGE—Anice Terhune—*Macaulay.* The unsophisticated find this a most wonderful, *wonderful* love story. If you are grown up leave it alone.

AFTERGLOW—Edith Thomson—*Dutton.* The love of a woman for a much younger husband melodramatically spotted.

TIMBER—Harold Titus—*Small, Maynard.* The adolescents will love this story of sweethearts and forest preservation.

WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS—John Hastings Turner—*Scribner.* Every man must fall in love with his wife twice. Find out how it is done by reading a comedy with character.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER AND OTHER STORIES—Mark Twain—*Harper.* These stories have, of course, been published before, but they come as divine drink now to the reviewer floating with the Ancient Mariner in a drinkless sea.

SUNNY-SAN—Onoto Watanna—*Doran.* Four young American boys dashingly rescue a little Geisha, with embarrassing results.

THE VANISHING OF BETTY VARIAN—Carolyn Wells—*Doran.* Mysterious murder and disappearance. Rather the best of Miss Wells's recent detective webs.

*THE SECRET PLACES OF THE HEART—H. G. Wells—*Macmillan.* Wells's hopes for the world's tomorrow mingle with today's fleshly frailties in a ripping good story.

HELEN OF THE OLD HOUSE—Harold Bell Wright—*Appleton.* Another sincere attempt to be read by those who wish to be uplifted.

THE DARK HOUSE—I. A. R. Wylie—*Dutton.* A graphic depiction of a determined ascetic pushing his cruel way through a life of self-torture into eventual understanding of what happiness can mean.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

Hergesheimer at His Best

REREADING the three Hergesheimer stories recently republished singly in excellent taste, the memory of "Cytherea" is swept completely away and the old admiration returns. What superb characterization, what sweep of mood, what depth of passion! "Wild Oranges" (Knopf) is a masterpiece of romantic realism, told with the intensity of Conrad and with a luxurious style that is Hergesheimer's own. The combination of mood and of action is amazingly dexterous.

> He tore one open and put a section in his mouth. It was at first surprisingly bitter, and he involuntarily flung away what remained in his hand. But after a moment he found that the oranges possessed a pungency and zestful flavor that he had tasted in no others. Then he saw, directly before him, a pale, rectangular light which he recognized as the opened door of a habitation.

And through this story of the sea, of madness, of death, and of love, moves Millie Stope, one of the most magical and altogether desirable of the eerie Hergesheimer heroines. In direct contrast to the mystery and bitter charm of "Wild Oranges" is the brutal and ironical "Tubal Cain" (Knopf). Dark, sinister, uncompromising is Alexander Hulings with his insatiable business ambitions, typical of the worst in the American commercial mind, and drawn in the age of iron and crinolines with unerring and unsparing fury. How subtly a character is brought in as a symbol, then dropped when the purpose of symbolism has been achieved! Of such is James Claypole, the religious fanatic, placed as a monument of inefficiency over against the organizing genius of Hulings. "The Dark Fleece" (Knopf) as a portrait of New England prejudice is superb. Its flashing portrait of Honora Canderay in revolt against her surroundings — crisp, vivid, determined to be free, yet always the New England aristocrat with the "icy cold profile", and "erect presence", was the heiress of Ithiel Canderay, the old Canderay with the memory of whom was recalled "necessary salt cruelness of punishment in ships!" If you didn't read these stories when they were published as "Gold and Iron", you'll want to read them now. At any rate, if you are like me, you'll want to read them again.

Carl Sandburg Again

FEW great poems are written; and when there is written a poem which some men consider great there must inevitably be other men who consider it no poem at all. There is that quality in Sandburg's "The Windy City" that makes for controversy. Developed in those broad flowing rhythms which speak of the open plains and the simple people of a greater America, and of the swirl and the garish laughter of one of its greatest cities, it seems to me as magnificent a portrait of a town as has ever been written. For me, it overshadows all the rest of "Slabs of the Sunburnt West" (Harcourt, Brace), though the tender cynicism of "And So To-day" is a new note in Sandburg

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and there are several genre pictures like "Ambassadors of Grief" that are strikingly dramatic. In much of this small book there is the sign of a mellower Sandburg. To the old music and understanding comes sweetness. I could wish that everyone would read aloud (to himself so that he may be quite without self-consciousness) the following bit from "The Windy City". Read it softly and slowly, read it with deep intonations. That is the only way to understand the deep music that is the essence of this great poet of common hopes and emotions.

Early the red men gave a name to a river,
the place of the skunk,
the river of the wild onion smell,
Shee-caw-go.
Out of the payday songs of steam shovels,
Out of the wages of structural iron rivets,
The living lighted skyscrapers tell it now as a name,
Tell it across miles of sea blue water, gray blue land:
I am Chicago, I am a name given out by the breaths of
working men, laughing men, a child, a belonging.

So between the Great Lakes,
The Grand De Tour, and the Grand Prairie,
The living lighted skyscrapers stand,
Spotting the blue dusk with checkers of yellow,
streamers of smoke and silver,
parallelograms of night-gray watchmen,
Singing a soft moaning song: I am a child, a belonging.

Masterly Criticism

A YEAR ago I recommended in these columns Carl Van Doren's "The American Novel". I recommend it again; and with it, his later volume, "Contemporary American Novelists" (Macmillan). I should like, somehow, to persuade every man, woman, and child who talks or thinks about writing in America to read these two books. I know of no other critic in this country who possesses at the same time so balanced a judgment and so readable a style. Mr. Van Doren's discussion of Booth Tarkington, with its subtle penetration, reads like a romantic character sketch. His estimate of Edith Wharton carries us far beyond the ordinary realm of criticism. Here is a wise and a tolerant man with the background of a scholar who, without prejudices or too violent enthusiasms, has succeeded in giving us an unforgetable picture of the writing of fiction in America and, to a certain extent, of the men and women who created it. In several evenings with these two books one can learn more about culture, writing, and thought in these United States than from a month filled with attendance at literary lectures — and one not only learns, one enjoys.

I like particularly such paragraphs as the following which deftly analyzes the ever present problem of any appraiser of literary wares, the necessity of separating the merely popular from the actually distinguished:

> Few literary tasks are harder than the task of the critic holding a steady course through the welter of novels which make a tumult in the world and trying to indicate those which have some genuine significance as works of art or intelligence or as documents upon the time. How shall he dispose, for example, of such beguilers of the millions as Gene Stratton Porter, who piles sentimentalism upon "Nature" till the soft heap defies analysis, and Harold Bell Wright, who cannily mixes sentimentalism with valor and prudence till the resultant blend tempts appetites uncounted? Popularity has its arts no less than excellence; and so has it its own kind of seriousness. Much as the advertiser and the salesman have done to market tons of Mrs. Porter and Mr. Wright, they could not have done it without the assistance furnished them by the fact that their authors believe and feel the things they write. They throb with all the popular impulses; they laugh when the multitude laughs and weep when it weeps; and they have the gift — which is really rare

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not common — of calling the multitude's attention to their books in which is displayed, as in a consoling mirror, the sweet, rosy, empty features of banality.

How shall the patient critic dispose of Robert W. Chambers, who, possessing in a high degree the qualities of narrative, of costume, of dramatic effectiveness, of satire even (as witness "Iole"), has drifted with the fashions for a generation and has latterly allowed himself to decline to the manufacture of literary sillibub in the guise of novels about the smart set and Bohemia? How shall the stern critic dispose of Gertrude Atherton, who knows so much about California, New York, and the international scene but who somehow fails to transmute her materials to any lasting metal and leaves the impression of a vexed aristocrat scolding the age without either convincing it or convicting it of very serious deficiencies? How shall the accurate critic dispose of Frank Harris, who was born in Ireland and who had the most conspicuous part of his career in England, but who is a naturalized American citizen and who has written in "The Bomb" a vivid and intelligent novel dealing with the Chicago "anarchists" of 1886? How shall the conscientious critic dispose of the Owen Johnsons and the Rupert Hugheses and the Gouverneur Morrises and the George Barr McCutcheons with all their energy and information and good intentions and yet with their fatal lack of true distinction?

Verses for Dancing Men

VERS DE SOCIETE at its best is a subtle and delicate form of expression. The Herricks, the Dobsons, the Sucklings, the Ben Jonsons catch a sly mood or immortalize a petticoat with delicate rhythm and a very special grace. Society verse requires so special a mood and a grace, however, that I do not believe it anthologizes or collects well. Nevertheless "The Little Book of Society Verse" (Houghton Mifflin) is not without its charm. The cover is a delicate pink, and the selected verses within are charming enough. Many of our favorites from Suckling to Gelett Burgess and F. P. A. appear. The poems of Herrick and Dobson have always seemed to me to stand collection well, though most light verse is better in a newspaper column than in the collected volumes of its authors. For my own part, I'd rather have a "Selected Herrick" than any number of light verse anthologies. It is interesting to find David Morton represented here, and Algernon Swinburne. One does not ordinarily think of them as playfully as that. At any rate, this makes a most attractive gift book, and if too filled with delicacy for some, it will come as a relief from the modern to others. Society free verse does not yet flourish. Society itself may have lost its restrictions; yet it is still most often celebrated in the iron mold of French form.

A Thriller of Parts

THERE is not much to say concerning "Men of Affairs" (Knopf) except that it is original, well told, and thoroughly enjoyable for followers of detective stories. Quite as good as J. S. Fletcher at his best. Its incidents might have taken place in mediæval Venice with the threat of a gold cup of poison always off stage. Yet so skilfully has Roland Pertwee used his rather sparse style and carefully chosen detail, that the thrills of modern business competition, colored to middle ages tint, yet preserve the aspect of reality. The narrative moves unctiously, and the mechanics are ably concealed.

—*J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

A HOMELY CHRONICLE

By George Looms

"ALL great art", it has been said, "is created in a state of acute exasperation toward life." If so, what can come of a persistent attitude of acceptance toward it? The quality of expression, the gesture, needs must be entirely different. There is no drama in the steady flow of a wide and placid river; there is little of revolt in the life of a door yard maple. But each furnishes an object lesson, nevertheless, even if thereon hangs no tale.

So likewise is the story of a long life spent in the fulfilling of days, in acceptance, never in conflict. Thus would John Burroughs have us believe he grew—if he meant us to read his little boyhood epic at all. It is the sort of thing a man tells his children at fireside time, in mellow moments—if he be that kind of man and his children that kind of children. It is chatty and kind and rambling. It raises no false standards of hero worship as the life history of a parent to a child so often does. On the contrary it leans backward. "We were all tenderfeet", says John Burroughs, "lacking in grit, will power, self assertion, and the ability to deal with men." And again—speaking of his family: "We would rather run away than fight any time." To this impression Julian Burroughs, in his supplementing biography, adds another touch: "In one sense of the word he was lazy. Routine work, a daily grind at tasks for which he had no liking, would have shortened his days and perhaps even embittered him."

Simple, trivial incidents are scattered along in no conscious order, merely as they came to mind. John Burroughs tells how he lost a roll of paper money on the train and stepped on it in the aisle as he was returning to his seat. He had not even discovered the loss. He confesses to fastening a field mouse to the cross sticks of a kite and sending the creature up a half mile in the air, later to turn it loose and speculate on the story it would tell its fellows. Comes a succession of days and daily tasks, of milking, of churning, of spinning, of hay making, and long stretches of pure idling. He was a favored, a sheltered boy, he would have us believe, who was spared much of the harder work. He was raised in the faith of a jealous and vengeful God. He shared the belief of his fellows that wild things were made only to kill. His "folks" regarded book "larnin'" as a waste of time; but in spite of environment and early teaching, or rather the lack of it, he must have grown—to his reputed stature. His revolt was the peaceful kind—he made allowances, he accepted things as they were. He took his indelible stamp from the country, "a part of the earth's surface that has never been subject to convulsion and upheaval".

Even the letters which Julian Burroughs publishes in the subsequent biographical sketch, carry the same tone. They are "family" letters, fatherly and admonitory. They indicate, without doubt, that their author was a modest man. They detract rather than add to his stature. What "family" letters do not?

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"My Boyhood", and the supplementary biography "My Father", are in refreshing contrast to the accepted type. They are not scurrilous, sensational, nor bombastic. But they do not do the subject justice. As an introduction either to John Burroughs or to his work, they serve no purpose. Taken as an aftermath, they yield a delicate and enduring flavor.

My Boyhood. By John Burroughs. With a conclusion by his son, Julian Burroughs. Doubleday, Page and Co.

NEOPHYTES THREE

By Sidney Howard

THE usual distinction between modern novels and modern first novels is that the first-novelist still has his "clearing" to do. The mature product is the work of the honest to God novelist, the "first", of a man who is, as a rule, altogether too honest for any use of decent society. He is dreadfully apt to have a whole boiler of autobiographical steam to blow off, personal epidemics of atheism and irony, personal disillusionments concerning womankind, cynical portraits of very charming buddies, odd tidbits of his own sex education. Webb Waldron has got a good deal of his clearing done in "The Road to the World" and, as such, it runs true to the form of the modern first novel. Nevertheless, he has written what is in many ways a singular book. Perhaps because he had some real timber to clear and not too much underbrush, parts of his work are as remarkable as anything you are likely to encounter these days.

He tells the story of a yellow streak from craven infancy to mature futility. It is a book dominated by its hero's portrait and it is written throughout in a rare mood of its author's pity for his characters. Stan is a man incapable of coping with the spiritual facts of his life. His childhood is one long terror of his own cowardice. The chastity of his adolescence (rather weightily stressed by Mr. Waldron) is no better than perversion. His talents betray him. He is a lover afraid of his own passion. His adventures turn in his hands to incidents. He is a Midas whose touch is lead, a small visionary of superb dreams, a feeble victim of superb disappointments, a poltroon who seeks security in a personal mythology.

Mr. Waldron's achievement is that he has made this man a pitiable figure. An author cannot evade a great idea once it has possessed him, nor entirely blur a portrait once he has conceived an actual model. One might wish that the skill and discernment of this author had been more adequate. But the thing moves truly with a kind of Scandinavian consistence and, though I am a little weary of the incipient cosmic urge in fiction, I stuck to Mr. Waldron's novel to the end and was glad to do it.

John Marquand turns tables on us by evincing an annoying abnormality in "The Unspeakable Gentleman". For here is a first-novelist who shows no interest in himself nor in the Younger Generation nor in the works of Sigmund Freud. He has the impertinence to tell a ripping good story much as though he were an old hand at the game. His writing has the fluent readableness of really natural style and a complete freedom from stylistic mannerism. He has even dared to revert to the Stevenson tradition, and with remarkable success.

It is the vigorous and unpretentious story of a man "who tried his best to

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be a bad example because he could not be a good one", a man who was "dangerous indeed with twenty pages of Voltaire behind him"; it is compressed and thrilling and it moves on all twelve cylinders. And for its hero, Mr. Marquand has drawn as sardonic and engaging a figure as ever walked. What a rôle for an actor!

To be sure, I own to a weakness for the snuff box and the dead shot and the swift ingenuity of costume imbroglio. I do not even object to an occasional improbability and I am happy to believe that there may be something in this publishers' talk of a "romantic wave". I reveled in "The Unspeakable Gentleman". I finished it breathlessly and I insist that it coincides exactly with my notion of a right exciting yarn excellently told.

Richard Connell is not yet, technically, a first-novelist, for he makes his début in a volume of short stories, "The Sin of Monsieur Pettipon, and Other Humorous Tales". Like Mr. Marquand, he is one of Mr. Lorimer's boys, and most of his stories have appeared in a magazine of Mr. Lorimer's which is already becoming quite well known.

Mr. Connell's writing bears rather too many of the earmarks of deliberate popularity; his quaintness is too quaint at times, his spirit too spirited. But they are pleasant tales, amusing and vivid enough, and the bound total of them is downright entertaining.

As I said, he has not yet printed his first novel. I have a feeling that his "clearing", like Mr. Marquand's, will be done largely behind the scenes.

The Road to the World. By Webb Waldron. The Century Co.

The Unspeakable Gentleman. By J. P. Marquand. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Sin of Monsieur Pettipon, and Other Humorous Tales. By Richard Connell. George H. Doran Company.

A CRITIC IN A TOGA

By Ludwig Lewisohn

IN days that now seem remote Mr. Gosse made his reputation with books that every schoolboy knows. Throughout these volumes—especially his agreeable account of English literature in the eighteenth century—he cultivated a limpid though rather Alexandrian grace of style and a learning so prodigious in mass and inaccurate in detail that his name was always greeted among scholars with something between an obeisance and a grin. In that period he was a poet, too, and composed many pleasant verses in the measures of old France and the manner and style of Theocritus. But by and by he became librarian of the House of Lords, a member of knightly orders, and the friend and companion—to use the expression of his favorite century—of the Great. His prose became flatter and more solemn; he still tries to be urbane and succeeds in being only official; at his most characteristic and terrible moments today he no longer knows who is talking—himself or the British Empire. The identification of the two in his own mind is complete.

It is useful, in view of his present rather stuccoed impressiveness, to remember that, in the more intimate and stricter sense, Mr. Gosse was never a critic at all. He raised no fundamental questions; he was neither, let us say, with Brunetière nor with Lemaître nor did he occupy some third position of his own. He was—I can't avoid this string of ugly words—historiographer, bibliographer, biographer. The best book he ever wrote is the reminiscent and personal "Father and Son"; the best things in his new volume of "Aspects and Impressions" are the pages of illuminat-

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ing memory and gossip devoted to George Eliot and Henry James. In the historical essays on the French Academy or Malherbe and the classical reaction, the bright spots are notes and anecdotes holding fast a characteristic gesture and attitude. Such gestures and attitudes, to show Mr. Gosse in a favorable light, must have a conventional nobility or pathos. He likes the courtly and becoming above all else. I need hardly remark on the alienation of such an attitude from the practice of criticism.

Whenever he engages in that practice, indeed, he becomes, despite his panoplied manner, almost absurd. He is quite that in his essay on Faguet and Gourmont. His "character"—in the seventeenth century sense—of Faguet is brilliantly vivid and exact. We see the dusty old bachelor with his quaint hat and shabby umbrella; we see him amid his confused masses of books five flights up in the Rue Monge; this is to the life the little man who said: "I have never stopped reading except to write, nor writing except to read." But Mr. Gosse never raises the question—that question is simply not in him: what time, then, was there left him in which to live? And if he did not live, what relation can he have sustained to literature which is life become articulate? On the contrary, Mr. Gosse informs us that this little man of books alone "became a moralist", undertook to deal with the ecstasies and despairs of mankind and wrote a "Commentaire du Discours sur les Passions". On the passions! Mr. Gosse does not see the joke. It is not surprising, then, that his account of Remy de Gourmont is jejune and superficial in the extreme and shows a touch of warmth only in the statements—one can imagine Gourmont's ineffably sardonic eyes at this—that the French critic discovered that he had been "duped by Nietzsche" and that, as time went on, "he showed less and less interest in the exceptional and the unwholesome".

To Mr. Gosse, in brief, art is not an expression and so a manifestation and form of life, but a cultural discipline of the mind and taste and the weighty adornment of a stately and static civilization; English literature is to him not the record of the most living hours of deep and passionate souls who used the English tongue, but one of the official glories of the Empire, a little higher than the House of Lords, a good deal lower than the navy and the colonies. He wears the toga of a wide dominion and is parochial to the bone. He is, as he has been, uncomfortable at the Samuel Butlers who have a "rebellious and fantastic dislike of the conventional", and at ease and at home with the gentle and dignified Grays and with such refiners of language and polishers of verse as Waller and Malherbe.

Aspects and Impressions. By Edmund Gosse. Charles Scribner's Sons.

SPURS AND CHAPS

By Struthers Burt

THIS is an important and oddly fascinating book; important because it is a carefully planned and logically executed record, in summary, of an epic chapter in American history and the central figure of that chapter; and fascinating because it has been written with such a curious love of the subject and as the result of so many years of experience and observation that it has a distilled, quintessential quality. It distinguishes

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itself completely from the average run of "western" absurdities, histories, or novels, and has a permanent value both as a textbook and a chronicle.

Mr. Rollins is a Princeton man of the class of '89, and at present is a prominent attorney in New York City. But from the age of five until the age of twenty-five he was more in the west than in the east, as a cowpuncher, a rancher, and, during his childhood, a summer resident on an Indian reservation where the superintendent was a friend of his father's, a railroad official. Subsequently he has spent most of his holidays in the same section of the country. He is peculiarly qualified, therefore, for his task, for as a rule the native westerner is disbarred both by lack of perspective and training, and the easterner by a lack of experience.

"The Cowboy" performs an especial task and one that has for a long while been waiting for accomplishment: sympathetically, humorously, but with sufficient gravity it paints a true image of a type that now for two decades has held with extraordinary tenacity the imagination not of this country alone but of the world at large. With great deftness and dissective ability it separates this type from the mass of lies and gross exaggerations which have surrounded it. As a true picture it will appeal to the student; as a reminder, to the far flung fraternity of westerners, past or present; and, as a textbook, the intending westerner will find it priceless.

One deprecates on the cover the announcement by the publishers that the book has to do with the now "almost vanished west". For twenty years publishers have been making the same announcement. The "west" isn't dead, and where it survives, it shows no signs of dying nor any particularly fundamental change. One can, on the other hand, forgive Mr. Rollins the same statement in the body of the book, because he exhibits some mental reserve and because after all he is a prejudiced witness, having stopped cowpunching himself somewhere around 1892.

Probably the average critic with his abysmal ignorance of the subject and his inveterate and badly chosen prejudices, will fail to credit this book with the value it possesses; but the initiated, and the large circle of understanding readers it is bound to command, will come very close to knowing its real worth.

The Cowboy, His Characteristics, His Equipment, and His Part in the Development of the West. By Philip Ashton Rollins. Charles Scribner's Sons.

CURSE OR BLESSING?

By Ruth Hale

IT is an illuminating experience to review three books on child training at once, even three so sharply varying as Luther Allan Weigle's "The Training of Children in the Christian Family", Miriam Finn Scott's "Meeting Your Child's Problems", and Dr. Liber's "The Child and the Home".

These three crystallize a certain dim discomfort remembered over from other child training books, and dispose us to believe that no author on this subject can make it cheerful. Perhaps bringing up your children is just naturally bound to be depressing, and perhaps nothing more severe should be said to these sabled counselors than that they force us to consider that which we are far happier to forget. But we do think that if a ray of sunshine can be shed upon this job

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which such vast numbers of us are now doing, an effort ought to be made.

For instance, there seems no inherent reason why family life should be, almost from its beginning, the affliction it undeniably is, if common sense were applied freely and by all concerned. Common sense never has been so applied, and family life is grounded in all sorts of duties and pieties and similar inconveniences. The child trainers, almost without exception, fall into the error of thinking that as family life has been, so must it be, however dismal; and that as filial and parental loyalties have been, so must they be, even if no end be served but everlasting woe.

Now a newborn child occupies the traditional position of the choice once offered by Moses to the Children of Israel, when in weary exasperation with them in the wilderness, he "set before them this day a blessing and a curse". People who write books about how to bring up the children rather play it both ways and offer both in the person of the one offspring, the blessing heavily fictionized, and the curse but thinly disguised.

I am myself a female parent, and when Miriam Finn Scott, for example, says that my child is my highest duty, what on earth can I do but regard that child with an instinctive aversion? Experience has taught me that my duties are simply so many penalties that I pay out to keep the peace between me and the world, and that I must certainly not be so idiotic as to pay a penalty before I've had my dance. Such duties as I have to my child are strictly between him and me. If I keep him well fed and well clothed, he looks well and is a credit to me, and behaves pretty well, and is therefore more satisfactory as a companion than if he were undernourished and cross. After that, if he is quick witted and personable, and gives promise of working himself into a really entertaining and valuable personality, I naturally like him and encourage him. If he is not very bright, he promises me nothing, so I pay nothing. That is, I do not pay, unless by his helplessness he appeals to the deep-lying instinct of protectiveness which I have in common with all the rest of humanity, though it is popularly called the "maternal" instinct. If he appeals to that instinct, I cannot deny him, without letting myself in for exactly the same terrible distress that comes from thwarting any other instinct. I have to help him to muddle along, and for his sake, since I suffer with him, I put the best face on him I can. But all this, of course—and it is true of all parents—takes care of itself, and does not come under the head of duty, certainly not that deadly prearranged duty of "mother to child" to which Mrs. Scott admonishes us.

Bernard Shaw tells of a certain Mr. Price, of whom it was related by his son that he always struck his children whenever one of them came near enough. Surely a man of that bold and fearless type would accept fatherhood more cheerfully than one who was chock-a-block with theories about the necessity for unrewarded good behavior to his children. It cannot be too often emphasized that something must be done to hearten parents. The books on child training take all the joy out of it. Precepts that cut a red gash across the face of actual experience not only sadden and destroy, but they cannot even create the very virtues in whose name they make us grieve. The impulses that animate humanity, truthfully and finally, are usually not ethically beautiful in themselves, but they produce the only ethics

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we have ever known. All fictionized virtues, and duty to a child is one of the most flagrant, always bob up later minus the sheep's clothing and extremely unpleasant. If you wish to rest in the bosom of a good deed, make sure you did it for some shrewd reason.

Bargain with your child as you would with a horse trader. Demand from him some thrill, some acute interest, some education, some buoyancy, and if you get them, they will pay you for whatever trouble it has cost you. If you cannot get these things, either because the child hasn't got it in him, or you don't know how to get it out, stick him in some school and forget him. Being a parent isn't in your line, perhaps, and you will be more useful, and happier, doing other things. Maybe you just don't happen to have good children. In any case, you won't be genuinely helped by holding your head in it, with a book of precepts in one hand. And neither will your child. The only thing we would ask parents to remember—which will probably come hard for them—is that, the books having been balanced at the end of each day, are not to be drawn on after the child is no longer a child. Don't try to get your fun out of your child while he is one, and then expect him to reward you again when he is adult.

Of the three books under immediate consideration, the simplest and nicest is Mr. Weigle's. Its title gives you the whole of it, possibly, though it does not contain any intimation of the book's charm. The Christianity of the book is fine and sincere, and for those who are Christian, and wish their children to be, it contains much sound guidance.

Mrs. Scott is, to our taste, too academic, and her book has about it some pervasive odor of enforced nobility. It reminds us of a story of two actresses who met after both had climbed up from the chorus, and upon one of whom the later culture was sitting hard. The other, after some little while, leaned across and said: "Oh, come on, dearie, ain't you ever common?"

Dr. Liber has blown his trumpet in a new direction. He is all for the "free child". But although he is apparently headed right he, too, makes awfully heavy weather of it. However, he has advanced one beautiful theory. Here it is: "If the child cries in the street car, and if you know it is not your fault, if you have failed to persuade him that he is unfair, do not interfere. Do not be ashamed before the public. If the public has something to say to *him*, let them say it."

The Training of Children in the Christian Family. By Luther Allan Weigle. The Pilgrim Press.

Meeting Your Child's Problems. By Miriam Finn Scott. Little, Brown and Co.

The Child and the Home, Essays on the Rational Bringing-Up of Children. By Benzion Liber, M.D. Rational Living.

THE NEGRO'S CONTRIBUTION

By Walter F. White

THERE are few Americans of culture who have not heard and been thrilled by the weird, plaintive negro spirituals. There are others who know that modern jazz music was born of musically illiterate negro roustabouts on Mississippi levees. There are yet others who know of the beautiful dialect poetry of Paul Laurence Dunbar, and of the writings of Dr. DuBois, one of the great masters of prose in America.

Beyond these cultural gifts to

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America, however, all that the negro has given us in the arts has been a closed book. A step toward acquainting America with these not inconsiderable gifts has been taken by James Weldon Johnson in "The Book of American Negro Poetry". Mr. Johnson is eminently qualified to undertake such a task, for he is recognized as one of the two foremost poets of his race and indeed, as one of the few worth while poets of America, regardless of race. He has gathered and examined the work of more than one hundred negro poets and carefully culled the best that has been done by thirty-one of them. Aside from the excellence of much of the verse, the most striking thing, even to the casual reader, is the versatility of these writers. There is much of good dialect but only a small portion is in that form. There is the colorful imaginative poetry of Anne Spencer in her "Before the Feast of Shushan", the strength of thought and charm of phrasing of Claude McKay, the lyrical beauty of Jessie Fauset, the emotionalism of Georgia Douglas Johnson, the polished modernity of William Stanley Braithwaite, the vigor and satire of James Weldon Johnson's protest against lynching in "Brothers" as well as the tenderness of his "Since You Went Away". It is but natural that the negro should be propagandic—his lot in America never lets him forget that he is a "problem"—his is a bitter struggle for mere existence. Yet, many of the writers have been able to transcend racial lines, forgetting race problems in imaginative flights of rare beauty. Space forbids my quoting, to my regret. I would like to offer exhibits showing the wealth within its covers that makes the book so great a joy.

To me the most important and valuable portion of the book is the preface of some forty pages by Mr. Johnson on "The Creative Genius of the American Negro". In this he shows that the negro "is the creator of the only things artistic that have yet sprung from American soil and been universally acknowledged as distinctive American products". These are four in number: the Uncle Remus stories, America's only folk lore; the negro folk songs or spirituals; the cakewalk, which is distinctly American and from which sprang the modern society dances; and ragtime with its "great melodic beauty and amazing polyphonic structure". To read this essay is to gain a liberal education on the source of much of the few contributions America has made to the arts. If Americans knew and appreciated fully all that the negro has given to America, the race problem would be easy of solution.

Coincident with the publication of Mr. Johnson's book comes Claude McKay's "Harlem Shadows". Here is a young man, born in the British West Indies, who is without doubt the most talented and versatile of the new school of imaginative, emotional negro poets. Feeling intensely, at times bitterly, he succeeds, nevertheless, in preventing his emotions from affecting his genius as a poet. He has surety of expression, depth of feeling, the true lyric gift, and handles amazingly well subtle gradations of thought and of feeling. Mr. McKay is not a great negro poet—he is a great poet! This is his first book of verse to be published in the United States, but it will give him the high place among American poets to which he is rightfully entitled. I offer in evidence one of his shorter poems on which I ground my belief:

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POETRY

Sometimes I tremble like a storm-swept flower,
And seek to hide my tortured soul from thee,
Bowing my head in deep humility
Before the silent thunder of thy power.
Sometimes I flee before thy blazing light,
As from the specter of pursuing death;
Intimidated lest thy mighty breath,
Windways, will sweep me into utter night.
For, oh, I fear they will be swallowed up—
The loves that are to me of vital worth,
My passion and my pleasure in the earth—
And lost forever in thy magic cup!
I fear, I fear my truly human heart
Will perish on the altar-stone of art!

The Book of American Negro Poetry. By James Weldon Johnson. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

Harlem Shadows. By Claude McKay. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

WHEN ROSTAND WROTE

By Montrose J. Moses

EDMOND ROSTAND'S plays are the librettos for the high music of his own words. One has to hear the flow of his French in order to have the blood move to the rhythm of his verse. Memory conjures the golden quality of Bernhardt's utterance, the vibrant depths of Coquelin's reading. Rostand suffers through translation; all French literature does. But his poetry and dramatic spirit can never be lost, if the translator ever so faintly follow the original in an effort to preserve in English a metre and rhyme which will be closely akin to the French. And to the average reader in America Rostand has to be read in English, for his French — vibrant with terse expression, with colloquial twists and turns, with poetic licenses and old form tricks — is not easy to the uninitiated, however much it be a joy to the fluent reader. I defy any but an adept to reach the meaning of the subtle play on words in "Chantecler". Yet a comparison of "Cyrano de Bergerac", in the translations either of Gertrude Hall (used by Mansfield) or Mrs. Norman, however well they are done, with the original, reveals an effort to eke out the richness of French by English phrases which fill the lines without adding to or enlightening the thought. In other words, the ingenuity of the translator always seems to encroach.

It is not derogatory to speak of Rostand's plays as glorified librettos to the music of his poetic speech. When he comes to his romantic outbursts, he does not seem to halt the progress of his effective drama; the artistry in him sends the rush of poetic imagination and fervor into his great speeches, and gives them no pronounced appearance of being "set". They afford the actor opportunity, in a grandly elocutionary and romantic way. Hence, they are not fit for revival unless an actor can be found who has the manner of a style of acting now somewhat belittled by the realistic school. For Rostand's characters are of a certain mold; the nose of Cyrano alone would be comical, were there not residing, in the cloak and shoes and plumèd hat of this tender braggart, the heroic dash of a Coquelin, or the peculiar metallic fervor of a Mansfield. When Maude Adams gave "L'Aiglon", in the Parker translation, she was adequate in those delicate parts in which Bernhardt lacked delicacy; she was thin in such moments as the moving mysticism of the battle scene; and feminine rather than boyish in the great situation before the mirror, where the boy utters the flow of words in the "But" speech so overpoweringly and movingly carried by the divine Sarah.

Inadequacy of portrayal in Rostand's plays only shows the opportunities missed; it does not destroy the play

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itself. Because Miss Adams — due to Frohman's aim of publicity and his habit of playing safe — did not fill the gay feathers of Chantecler, was no reason why the play should have been lost to the stage. It is said that when "L'Aiglon" was first given in Paris, the national poetic fervor ran high through the audience. We lost that in America: it was but dimly historical to us, though distinctly dramatic and eminently picturesque. When "Chantecler" was given — apart from the publicity of feathers — there was a depth to the symbol of France, and to the moral of man's indomitable creativeness, which the French actor, Guitry, must have reached but which failed to "get across" in the Frohman production, with all its gay millinery.

These are the recollections which come to me as I go through the extremely welcome edition of Rostand's plays, receiving new and sympathetic translation at the hands of Mrs. Henderson Daingerfield Norman. I find myself renewing past pleasures, after many seasons of stark realism on our stage. Is the style of Rostand gone from our boards, however much we may pleasure over the music of his words as poet? Have we outgrown the embroideries of "The Princess Far Away" as we have outgrown the painter's style of Rossetti? For it is strange that we still preach the delicate mysticism of "Pelléas and Mélisande" as modern, while we seem to deprecate Rostand's play, so nearly akin, and so equally significant in its spiritual note.

It may be that Maeterlinck — still alive — is closely identified with an insurgency which is more alive than ever; while Rostand, dead, has taken his place in the historical development of a romanticism renaissant, but not quite sure of itself. Yet I think that the test of all live literature — dramatic as well as for the closet — is whether it stirs the blood. There are speeches in "Cyrano" that lift one with patriotic, romantic fervor; there are outbursts in "Chantecler", like the "Hymn to the Rising Sun" in "Le Coq d'Or". And the spirit of the theatregoer thirsts for just such outbursts.

As a workman, Rostand never rushed; his productiveness was amazingly slow, and his strength of resistance to plaudit and commercial demand excellent. For that reason, curiosity and expectancy brought him publicity at all times. Cables hummed from Paris to New York each added phrase, as Rostand polished it and neared the end of a new play. People sent their orders to the book stalls way in advance of the publication of the French edition of each piece. And they always found worth while surprises: poetry was there in abundance, and rôles fit for special actors — for Rostand was furthered by Bernhardt, Coquelin, and Guitry. He wrote other plays, but by a few is his fame established. It was always to me a red letter day in the theatre to go to a Rostand play; as it was to see Irving and Terry, or Mansfield. When will such times continue — not return, as the retroactive would say! For romanticism must continue, and there must be romantic actors to give largeness to gesture and emotion, in order that the heart may be stirred once more. Rostand made live again what the Théâtre Libre rejected. Will Rostand die in the theatre? Not with such librettos to such music.

Plays of Edmond Rostand. Translated by Henderson Daingerfield Norman. Illustrated by Ivan Glidden. Two volumes. The Macmillan Co.

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RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

AS homely as a patchwork quilt, and as genuine as the Cumberland Mountains themselves, are these "Kinfolks" (Houghton Mifflin) of Ann Cobb's. All the poems are in the mountain speech, voiced by Granny Dale, Uncle Nathe, and various members of the Wayne, Randall, and Mayo clans, but they are far above the average "dialect" verse. The quaint old English words bring out, very simply and poignantly, the bits of happiness and tragedy, the love of their hills, and the pride and courage of these most individual of the American pioneers.

Before the days of the saxophone in church, back when Infant Damnation was quite all right, we either went to heaven or — well, there were only two places to go when dead. But that was before Louis Untermeyer discovered 976 different heavens. No longer is Elysium one sweet round of halos, harps, and diaphanous wings. Such mediæval concepts have been utterly exorcised by Ethereal Local No. 3. Nowadays H. G. Wells, G. K. Chesterton, George Moore, and others whose names are synonymous with verbosity, paradoxicality, and "Wisdom of the East", sit beatifically ensconced as rajahs of their respective heavens, surrounded by worshipful satellites and astro-physical sycophants. In keen satire, clever though merciless caricature, "Heavens" (Harcourt, Brace) flays the literary idols of the day (though how Mr. Untermeyer came to neglect G. B. Shaw is beyond our ken). When through with his ethereal characterizations, Mr. Untermeyer appends a few poems purporting to have been written by famous poets on the Einstein theory of relativity. They are just as intelligible as the theory.

Ireland's long travail in her efforts to achieve freedom inevitably influenced the glasses through which Francis Hackett saw England while writing "The Story of the Irish Nation" (Century). But, if one cannot agree entirely with the excoriations of England, he yet can find much that is instructive and wholly delightful in this brief history of a romantic people whom all, save possibly Britons, find it easy to love.

"A Hoosier Autobiography" by William Dudley Foulke (Oxford) will be of special interest to those who have lived in these United States during the past fifty years or so and who are native born. It is significant as an autobiography of a sincere and progressive American citizen, written with genuine modesty. There are delightful incidents throughout and word sketches of prominent Americans.

"Towards the Great Peace" by Ralph Adams Cram (Marshall Jones) is a volume of essays whose thought is a distillate of the Great War and of the international disorganization attendant upon it. The author has been profoundly stirred by the moral ruination with which he believes mankind to be threatened; he declares that the world today is "at the crossroads", and he pleads for a sound working philos-

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ophy of life to combat the tendency to spiritual stagnation and avert an era of darkness comparable to that which initiated the mediæval period. Dr. Cram is earnest, vigorous, and cogent in his thinking; he draws upon a vast fund of knowledge, presents numerous historical illustrations and analogies, and draws a picture that will be of interest to all who are concerned with the philosophical implications of war and peace in their relation to human welfare and advancement.

J. Arthur Thomson has succeeded in making his volume "The Haunts of Life" (Harcourt, Brace) one of charm as well as of scientific data. The male Gaff Topsail, a fish with many difficult problems in life, keeps the eggs in his mouth until they are about to be hatched, fasting meantime. Such parental devotion should make us refrain from ever speaking of a fish as a cold proposition. Also, from now on we will have more respect for those who splash seldom if ever in protest against the monotony of their existence. We had scarcely realized how monotonous the Deep Sea is. "There is no scenery, but a succession of dreary undulations like those of sand-dunes. . . . Moreover, everything is so continuous — eternal winter, eternal night, eternal silence. What an eerie picture this — a deep, dark, cold, calm, silent, monotonous world."

Oscar Williams in "The Golden Darkness" (Yale) and "In Gossamer Grey" (Bookfellows) sings the joy of an unsophisticated youth discovering the world, sensing the tragedy of life, dimly feeling the urge toward mysticism. It is surprising to come upon a volume by a young poet that contains few love songs, that broods over "darkness and loneliness", that does not obviously imitate the work of older poets, and that contains an unstudied spontaneity.

There has been a distinct cleavage in the development of economic theories in recent years, resulting in the formation of various schools of new economic thought. Professor Lionel D. Edie of Colgate University, under the head of "Principles of the New Economics" (Crowell) has integrated the more important of these movements. The book is rigidly uncontroversial, Dr. Edie conceding the inadequacy of the old economic doctrines to account for many modern phenomena, but admitting none of the new into a place of importance. Socialism, with its millions of adherents throughout the world, is dismissed with a scant chapter called "Economic Radicalism", which also touches briefly on Sovietism, Bolshevism, and Communism. The advent of the introduction of psychology into economic thinking is given happy prominence.

Everything H. G. Wells has published has been whittled down to expressions of faith; these have, in turn, been piled atop each other in chronological succession, forming what Sidney Dark calls the "Wells gospel". About this gospel Mr. Dark has written "An Outline of Wells" (Putnam) — a frankly laudatory portrait of "the super-man in the street". The author's respect for his subject gives a good indication of the book's content, and this is summarized in the closing sentence: "When Mr. Wells found God, the age of materialism definitely came to an end." Heywood Broun further congratulates Mr. Wells in a foreword.

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Another barrage against the reputed romance of war is laid down by E. E. Cummings, who uses every disturbing and disgusting experience of an unjust confinement in a French military prison as a shell in his attack. Though in "The Enormous Room" (Boni, Liveright) he smiles back at his experiences from almost every page, these flickering evidences of a sense of humor fail to make the unpleasant incidents less terrible. One wishes the book were fiction that its truth might be denied.

"The wild animal must think, or die," Dr. William T. Hornaday tells us in "The Minds and Manners of Wild Animals" (Scribner). And he gives many proofs of the amazing reasoning of animals from the small trapdoor spider to the majestic grizzly. Even the wisdom of serpents is shown. The book is a mine of interesting facts regarding the lives of animals in their native haunts and in captivity. The courage, the high standards, and the morals of wild animals stand out in rather striking comparison to the ethics of many of the "human" species.

It took eight years of careful research and painstaking study for Frederick Chamberlin to collect the material for "The Private Character of Queen Elizabeth" (Dodd, Mead). In this book he presents some theories, well substantiated by proof, that have never been considered before, and his picture of sixteenth century England is as interesting reading as it is sound history. With sympathy and understanding he explains the difficulties, both in her own ill health and the critical condition of the country, which beset the young queen, and contrasts them with the genius for ruling that she showed on every occasion. Various charges against her are satisfactorily answered and she is revealed as a strong and courageous woman as well as a powerful sovereign.

The position of women in England has caused much discussion since the war left them so vastly in the majority. Maude Royden, former assistant preacher at the City Temple, London, has put into lecture and book form her analysis of the matter, and her suggestions for handling the problem involved in "Sex and Common Sense" (Putnam). Her discussion adds nothing new to the old question except a woman's viewpoint, but it is openminded and it makes no god of the claims of the individual versus those of civilization. It leaves the question of "sin" outside, and, recognizing the difficulties of present conditions, urges facing the facts, distinguishing between desire and need, as one faces the losses of the war, and not expecting "civilization to be perverted or arrested in order to avoid a difficulty of one's own".

We should expect a life of Ik Marvel to savor somewhat of "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life". Somehow, we must associate Ik Marvel with mellow phraseology, limpid style, and infinite capacity for rousing tender emotions without a trace of tawdry sentimentality. "The Life of Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel)" by Waldo H. Dunn (Scribner) is almost a replica of the subject himself. It is graceful, easy reading, leisurely, unostentatious, and has a definite purpose, albeit thoroughly justifying Louis Untermeyer's assertion that "digression is an art, not an accident". If you enjoyed "Dream Life" and the "Rev-

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eries" you will want to know more about their author and his varied life. Mr. Dunn tells about him in a pleasing though by no means startling manner.

Richard Le Gallienne's happy selection of the best works of British poets in his "Book of English Verse" (Boni, Liveright) gives the possessor of the volume a handbook in which old friends speak from every page. The author describes it as a "companionable" volume, which is exactly what it is.

Epictetus said, "Men are not influenced by things but by their thoughts about things." The eastern peoples are awaking to a new consciousness, and their thoughts about things national and economic are beginning to take a most definite form. Frazier Hunt, who has penetrated to the soul of this other half of the world, tells a thrilling story of the birth of this new consciousness in his book, "The Rising Temper of the East" (Bobbs-Merrill). It will not only interest the reader, but will undoubtedly help to a greater understanding of existing conditions.

Even to the cretonne cover of silly little roses and blue forget-me-nots, "The Notion-Counter" (Atlantic) carries out its clever satire of humorous failings and foibles with which we are all familiar. It is rightly dedicated to Everybody and written by Nobody, who displays each of the short sketches or notions on view. An allegory is suggested of a department store as a modern Vanity Fair, where twentieth century Christians, or at least Mrs. Christian shops as she passes on her way to the Celestial City, not for convictions, faiths, and hopes, but for "little odds and ends that don't deserve to be called Opinions". These are held up for her inspection in all their absurdity, with an adroitness and a sense of humor that leaves her amused at her own purchases.

There is so much contentment and happiness in simple home things, in Mildred Whitney Stillman's "Woodnotes" (Duffield), that one is repeatedly reminded of a sunny room, a ticking clock, and just the right amount of placidity for a restful half hour. Her poetry about children is particularly appealing. This and the section of the book called "Thoughts" have a likable earnestness quite in contrast to a whimsical quality which is uppermost in the majority of the poems. An occasional description of "tassel buds", a fern's "green feather", or a bird's "soft flannel breast" has distinct charm and originality. There is no attempt to express great depth of feeling, but the sincerity throughout adds to the enjoyment and pleasantness of the themes.

The preface to Princess Pauline Metternich's reminiscences of "The Days That Are No More" (Dutton) gives us a very intriguing picture of her as a favorite of the Empress Eugénie and a great influence at the court of Napoleon III. She was a young woman of originality and daring, of turbulent gaiety and mad extravagance, the one to set the fashion and lead the dance. But the pages that follow show little of that side of her life; they give vivid and delightful sketches of people with whom her life brought her in contact, but they leave the reader, like young Oliver, wanting more. There are some interesting snapshots of well known people and several full length portraits of others

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less well known, all written in a spirited and amusing style. If only the Princess had been willing to tell us about twice as much as she did!

Recollections of those days of crinolines and vicarage gardens described in Trollope's novels, and humorous anecdotes of an earlier generation whom John Ayscouch (the Right Reverend Monsignor Count Bickerstaffe Drew) has known personally, are loosely interwoven in "Pages from the Past" (Longmans) to form a background of comparison for manners and customs of today. However, the book is principally taken up with personal experience, though some space is given to contrasting "two worlds as different as any that ever existed". The present is not severely criticized, though Count Drew believes that previously there was better talk and less gabble, and that society was more cheerful though there was less amusement and more decorum. He admits that perhaps the ceremony of that day was irksome, but feels this was largely counterbalanced by a far finer courtesy. Unfortunately the subject matter lacks a certain amount of connection and sequence which is only partly overcome by the conversational style in which it is written.

"Studies in the Theory of Human Society" by Franklin H. Giddings (Macmillan) is a volume of solid reading. Professor Giddings pictures society as "selecting and perpetuating the adequate", choosing between the intelligent, tolerant and helpful on the one hand, and the ignorant, slothful and arrogant on the other. This selective theory inspires hopefulness, for "human society is not a something-for-nothing endowment order", but a combined family for whose well being all must help share the common burdens.

After wallowing in the blood streaked mud of the trenches, and battering the fortresses of the literati with *goddam's*, John Dos Passos apparently decided to take a holiday in Spain, the aftermath of which is the informal, carefree, and picturesquely patterned chronicle entitled "Rosinante to the Road Again" (Doran). The poet permits himself to come to the fore in this Andalusian Baedeker: and a lyric Baedeker it is, too. Dos Passos excels in painting vivid pictures rich with color; he is sensuous and sensitive, appreciating fully the splash of orange on a Spanish shawl, the curve of a swirling mantilla, the tang of rich wine, the ripe lips of a señorita, the glory of a purple night. He is æsthetic in his tastes, and in his choice of words as well. It is unfortunate that in arranging his book, he has placed his best chapter first, giving the remainder the appearance of trying hard to equal the early pages, yet never quite succeeding.

Walter Prichard Eaton has found a very provoking title for his new book, "Penguin Persons and Peppermints" (Wilde). That will rouse curiosity as surely as a special delivery letter. Moreover, it is not a pose. The first essay is a very delightful one on Penguin Persons, and from them Mr. Eaton goes on through a multitude of things right down to Peppermints. These are short, informal papers in different moods and most of them are the sort of thing that one cannot resist calling whimsical; yet the book is not one to pick up if you have only a few minutes to read, because it is too hard to put down.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge in Cooperation with the American Library Association

Six titles new to the Monthly Score appear in the May list of books in demand at the public libraries, and four of them are fiction. Concerning three of these, Oppenheim's "The Great Prince Shan", Henry Sydnor Harrison's "Saint Teresa", and Joseph Hergesheimer's "Cytherea", comment is hardly necessary. These three authors find their way into any possible list of books in demand by a process so natural and irresistible as to be akin to gravitation. But there is a bit of a mystery in the sudden popularity, all over the United States, of "Maria Chapdelaine". This little piece of real literature suddenly finds itself even more popular among the book borrowing library public than the current works of Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Burnett, and Mr. Wright! Nothing more mysterious has occurred since the present compiler began to keep the Monthly Score.

Library readers have not lost their interest in gossip about the great ones of the earth, nor in the origins of these and the rest of the well known human race, as the continued popularity of Wells and Van Loon and of biographies, auto- and otherwise, indicates. But there seems to be a tendency from the general to the particular; from the study of the lives and peculiarities of others to the study of the subject's self. The taste for introspection is reflected in the appearance for the first time in these lists of "The Mind in the Making" and "Outwitting Our Nerves". Beyond doubt, the interest in scientific matters has been immensely broadened by the enormous distribution of books like "The Outline of History" and "The Story of Mankind".

FICTION

1.	If Winter Comes	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE, BROWN
2.	To the Last Man	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
3.	Brass	*Charles G. Norris*	DUTTON
4.	Maria Chapdelaine	*Louis Hémon*	MACMILLAN
5.	Helen of the Old House	*Harold Bell Wright*	APPLETON
6.	The Head of the House of Coombe	*Frances Hodgson Burnett*	STOKES
7.	Her Father's Daughter	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
8.	The Great Prince Shan	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	LITTLE, BROWN
9.	Saint Teresa	*Henry Sydnor Harrison*	HOUGHTON
10.	Cytherea	*Joseph Hergesheimer*	KNOPF

GENERAL

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	Queen Victoria	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT
3.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
4.	The Story of Mankind	*Hendrik Van Loon*	BONI, LIVERIGHT
5.	The Mirrors of Washington	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
6.	Woodrow Wilson as I Know Him	*Joseph P. Tumulty*	DOUBLEDAY
7.	The Mind in the Making	*James Harvey Robinson*	HARPER
8.	The Mirrors of Downing Street	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
9.	Outwitting our Nerves	*Jackson and Salisbury*	CENTURY
10.	The Glass of Fashion	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

Goethean Generosity

I AM writing this in my study. On the door facing me hangs my great top coat which I have not yet had time to moth away. In one corner are my golf sticks, though I have not been on the links since before the war. In another corner, in a closet provided for them, are my four army uniforms which I shall probably not wear four times during the rest of my life. By the window is a high-backed chair upholstered in chintz on which I never find time to sit. On my desk is an elaborate writing outfit of six pieces in brass. I dip my pen however in a five cent bottle of imperial black ink bought at the stationer's around the corner. Between the twelve volumes of the Century Dictionary are notices that have been sent me of various meetings. I keep them there as reminders but generally pull them out a few days after the meeting which I was requested to attend has been held. On the walls hang classical pictures from which I have somehow ceased to draw inspiration. There is a particularly good one of the Burns Cottage in Scotland. I have no time for Burns. On a special shelf in a specially built leather case is my tile hat. I wore it the day I was married, seven years ago, and may wear it again some time, though this is doubtful. Beside it is my opera hat which I would not wear for fame or riches. It is, all invoiced, an outfit immeasurably more pretentious than Goethe ever owned. *In contemporary life we have so many things we never use.*

There are about three thousand books in my study. I look up and count twenty-nine costly volumes presented to me, while a teacher of German, by the Oxford University Press. There must be fifty presentation volumes that bear the imprint of Henry Holt and Company. Heath, Ginn, the American Book Company, and others are equally well represented by gift copies. There are many, and some high priced ones, which have been sent me by publishers in Germany with the request that I say something about them and then send in two clippings of what I have said. *Publishers are so generous.*

But the truly remarkable feature of my library is the number of lives of Goethe in it, I not being a Goethe specialist. There are those by Bielschowsky, Brandes, and Hume Brown each in two volumes. There are those by Ludwig Geiger, R. M. Meyer, G. H. Lewes, and James Sime. With the exception of the last two, these are all "recent" biographies. And on my desk lie fourteen large volumes published on Goethe within the last year and kindly placed at my disposal for the purpose of this article by the Atlantic Book and Art Corporation of 47 Murray Street, New York. Authors are so generous in their treatment of Goethe, because *Goethe made more generous use of his gifts than any writer this world has known.* The world treats a miser miserly, a generous man generously.

I have read these fourteen books only in spots; it is the fate of anyone who undertakes to discuss in one short article a sheaf of works, careful reading of which would require the major part of a year. We might as well be

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frank about it; we might as well take this opportunity to emphasize the difference between talking about books and really reviewing them.

I begin with "Goethe and His Circle" (Leipzig: J. J. Weber) by Franz Neubert, a tremendous volume with 651 illustrations. The first two are pictures of Goethe's grandparents, the last is of his tomb in Weimar. Nothing is omitted. Except the German text accompanying each picture, an American child could and would enjoy it. It is a rare work to have been brought out in Germany since the war. If published in this country it would cost about thirty dollars. And in the preface, Neubert asks that anyone having pictures from Goethe's life send them to him, for he is preparing a second, enlarged edition.

There is the charming little volume of 208 pages by Wilhelm Bode entitled "The Fate of Friederike Brion before and after her Death" (Berlin: Mittler und Sohn). Goethe was a student at Strasbourg. Out in the nearby village of Sesenheim lived Pastor Brion, the father of ten children four of whom had survived. Goethe called on one of these, Friederike, fell in love with her, and then moved on. She lives in literature as truly as Beatrice and Laura because the author of "Faust" liked her. She was as plain as plain could be; her manners were homespun. Yet Bode lists forty treatises that have been written on her in German alone. She inspired a few of Goethe's greatest poems. But the hard fact remains that she would not have attracted the attention she has, had it not long been a question whether she was chaste or indelicate. Goethe himself never said an unkind word about her.

Not unlike this volume is Wilhelm Bode's "Charlotte von Stein" (Mittler), a work of 699 pages with numerous illustrations, now in the fifth edition. Bode has told everything concerning Goethe's relation to Charlotte who, though she was seven years older than Goethe, married to the Master of Horse at the Court of Weimar, the mother of seven children, and not regarded as beautiful, virtually controlled Goethe's life from the time he first met her in 1775 up to his return from Italy in 1788. Until about twenty years after her death (1827), she was regarded as an exalted being, the prototype of Goethe's Iphigenie and Princess Leonore in "Tasso". Since then her enemies among German scholars have been many. Bode has told his tale without mincing or wincing. It is your privilege to draw conclusions. Klara Hofer wrote a volume on the same subject a year ago. And Lena Voss now publishes "Goethe's Immortal Friend" (Leipzig: Klinkhardt und Biermann).

Last Christmas Emil Ludwig brought out his life of Goethe in three volumes. It is a purely impressionistic work, the first of its kind to be written on the man whom Brandes calls "the greatest poet of the last three centuries". The London "Times" objects to this classification but offers no rival. The redoubtable Wilhelm Bode has just finished his "Goethe's Life" (Mittler) in three volumes and covering only the period from his birth in 1749 to his finding himself in Weimar in 1776. Bode has again told everything he knows, and he knows really too much. Touching on his method and ambition, he writes in his foreword: "I expect of my readers that they will spend eighty-three quiet evenings with the eighty-three years of Goethe's life, for it has taken me eighty-three months to write the biography." That is impressive. But

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Goethe himself once said: *"Sehe Jeder, wie er's treibe!"* Which means, let each man mind his own business! I do not believe that any one man can be told by another how or when or what to read.

Let us have done with Bode. His "Goethe's Art of Life" (Mittler) is an admittedly attractive work of 300 pages. But in the chapter on "How Goethe Learned", Bode emphasizes the fact that while Goethe had no particular aversion to books, he derived the majority of his wisdom from travel, observation, and association with people. And this is true. Goethe never owned a sizable library. And finally, there is Bode's work entitled "Goethe's Love Affairs" (Mittler), 448 pages with illustrations. The fact is this, which Bode does not emphasize: Goethe was generous with his gifts. He would meet a woman (he met remarkably few from the modern man's point of view) and then write something about her; for he put everything he thought or felt on paper. Now, scholars produce a letter or poem in which Goethe refers to one of his "flames". It is misleading; the belief that Goethe loved a battalion of women is due largely if not solely to the fact that he was so communicative, famous, and scribacious. He had very few real love affairs.

I have unfortunately space only to refer to the "Goethe-Handbuch" (Stuttgart: J. B. Metzler) in three volumes of 800 pages each, edited by Julius Zeitler and written by a terrible army of scholars. It is a Goethe concordance, or dictionary, and I believe the most pretentious of its kind. Goethe referred, for instance, to "industry". Everything he said on this timely topic is recorded and commented on. Five fat pages are devoted to Carlyle. The first article is on Aachen, or Aix-la-Chapelle, the last is on the *Zwischenkieferknochen*, or inter-maxillary bone.

There lies before me also a composite review of nine other books that have appeared on Goethe since Christmas, 1921. Of these the best seem to be: "The Life of Goethe: A Message" (Stuttgart: Meyer-Ilschen) by Julius Bab; "Goethe as an Educator" (Leipzig: Hinrichs) by Robert Zilchert; "The Wisdom of the Old Goethe" (Tübingen: C. Mohr) by Paul Fischer; and "Goethe's Nature Sense" (Jena: Diederichs) by Ernst Michel.

Nothing like this return to Goethe has ever been experienced in literary history. The books that have been written on him since the war make the contributions to the Dante literature of last year seem thin indeed, and the Molière literature of this year still thinner. Of some of these books, all must approve. Of others, that is, of those that merely cover ground so often covered before, all must disapprove or somehow vindicate duplication of effort. It is an ultra-generous attitude the Germans have taken. But personally I am of the distinct conviction that some of these volumes are as useless and superfluous as my four army uniforms or my six piece writing set, in brass.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

French Notes

FRANCOIS MAURIAC is young, and a Roman Catholic. It is not, however, to the Faubourg Saint Germain that the success of "Le Baiser au Lépreux" has been limited. All literary clans have saluted this short novel —125 pages—as a sober masterpiece of French fiction, showing that a living tradition is still running from "La Princesse de Clèves", "Adolphe", and

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"Dominique" to our young authors of today. It is obviously to the technique of these novels, and to the ethics of the latter one and of Gide's "Porte Etroite", that Mauriac has looked for his models. The plot is not very involved; but the details of psychology and sensibility are of that acute precision which, garbed in the most elegant and careful language, give the great French books of fiction their distinctive quality. "Le Baiser au Lépreux" is the eighth book issued in the "Cahiers Verts", a remarkable series edited by Daniel Halévy, which has already included the famous "Maria Chapdelaine", "Le Cœur des Autres" by Gabriel Marcel, "Le Passage de l'Aisne" by Emile Clermont, Logan Pearsall Smith's translated "Trivia", Louis Bertrand's "Flaubert à Paris", Joachim Gasquet's last book, and, by Daniel Halvéy himself, a "Visite aux Paysans du Centre". This is a gathering which new writers will be proud to join.

A trilogy of books, by Abel Hermant, has now been completed with the publication of "Le Crépuscule Tragique". The two first volumes, "L'Aube Ardente" and "La Journée Brève", took a young man in the early 'eighties and followed him through the period leading from one Franco-Prussian war to the other. The last book ends with the armistice of 1918. If the French Academy does not open its doors to Abel Hermant after this accomplishment, following such works as "Le Cadet de Coutras", "Les Grands Bourgeois", "La Carrière", the delightful and crazy "Transatlantiques", and many others—there will be a strong suspicion that the Academy has missed a new and fine opportunity of recognizing talent.

To an already long series of books—half fiction, half technical descriptions—devoted to various trades and handiworks, Pierre Hamp has added "Le Cantique des Cantiques". A new perfume has been baptized "The Song of Songs", and Hamp retraces its history, from the flower fields and factories of Grasse, where it is born, to the dressing table of the beautiful woman for whom it is finally intended.

Roland Dorgelès, the successful author of "Les Croix de Bois" and "Le Cabaret de la Belle Femme", has written "Saint Magloire"—not without a few points in common with Fogazzaro's "Il Santo"—wherein adventure, mysticism, and social redemption play their conflicting parts in a present day setting of provincial France.

Also in a provincial frame, "Les Taupes", by Francis de Miomandre, presents the silent work of envy and calumny with a bitterness to which we are not accustomed in this smiling and indulgent author. Edouard Estaunié, who has been noted for several remarkable books, is rising to a very high rank with "L'Appel de la Route". So, at least, says Edmond Jaloux, and Jaloux is a good judge.

La Nouvelle Revue Française has printed or reprinted various short books of Jules Romains: "Les Copains", "Amour Couleur de Paris", etc. Also a new edition of "Les Poésies d'André Walter", Gide's very first work, out of print since 1893—this time with a portrait of the author by Marie Laurencin. And also "L'Abbaye de Typhaines", one of Gobineau's novels and not the least interesting from the standpoint of present events in rural revolutionary Russia. The "Repertoire du Vieux-Colombier" has published several Russian plays, by Alexis Tolstoy, Evreinov, Gogol.

"Ouvert la Nuit" is the new book of Paul Morand. It will be eagerly read

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by those who admired "Lampes à Arc", "Feuilles de Température", and "Tendres Stocks". Many people consider that Morand not only *"sait garder le charme d'une sensibilité bien française"*, as the publisher's jargon puts it, but stands as one of France's most original literary individualities.

PIERRE DE LANUX

Important New German Books

EDUARD MEYER, successor to the world famous Theodor Mommsen, of the lion-like head, in the chair of ancient history at the Berlin University, has issued the second volume of his "Origin and Beginnings of Christianity". It is not a popular book, nor even a book for the general reader. Professor Meyer has directed the mighty wealth of his learning and the bold originality of his conceptions entirely toward his theological colleagues. He has made no attempt at grace of style or even at readability, yet the learned tome is not only an important but also a deeply interesting work, packed with controversial matter, for those whose knowledge goes sufficiently deep to follow the professor's conjectures and reasoning. It is amusing that the judgments uttered by him on persons and events belonging to these remote ages, are brought on occasion into relation with his very decided political opinions as a national and somewhat reactionary leader of the right wing of the German political medley.

A colleague of Eduard Meyer's, Professor Eduard Norden, has written a work of historical research—"Origins of Germanic History in the Germania of Tacitus". The title may suggest a dryly pedantic work, but the book is in reality a most fascinating contribution to the lore of the primitive German tribes. Especially absorbing for Germans and those of German descent, the book has great allure for all who feel the spell of adventures in the dawn of history. Tacitus's "Germania" is in itself a work of undying power to charm. Norden not only illuminates it, but goes back beyond it to its earliest sources—generals' reports, diaries written in camp, soldiers' letters home—all recreating and humanizing the times usually covered for us with the dusty pollen of the term "ancient history".

A great figure, a man of universal genius on the pattern of Leonardo da Vinci, has gone from us at the age of sixty-three in the person of Carl Ludwig Schleich, the famous surgeon, discoverer of hypodermic anæsthesia. Schleich's great discovery was at first ridiculed, embittering him against the official medical world. Later recognition and all the honors showered upon him never thoroughly reconciled him, and his belligerent nature caused his embitterment to take the fruitful form of a warm partisanship for all young and promising theories which were frowned upon by official medical circles. But Professor Schleich was much more than a surgeon of genius and a medical inventor. He was a poet of strength and sweetness, a treasured friend of poets such as Richard Dehmel and Otto Julius Bierbaum. His works of popular science—"Schaltwerk der Gedanken" (The Switchboard of the Mind), "Hysteria's Creative Power", "The Problem of Death", "Consciousness and Immortality", etc., are written in a clear and beautiful literary style and illuminated with a wealth of picturesque and creative metaphors, bold flights of speculative fancy, and a gift amounting to genius for rendering clear and comprehensi-

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ble to the layman the most complicated scientific processes—such as the thought operations of the brain and their control of physical action. Schleich was also a gifted musician, a singer, a composer who wielded the baton, and a talented performer on the cello. Furthermore, his studies on Goethe, Strindberg, Schubert, form permanent contributions to literary history. Amid these myriad activities, he found time every winter to give popular lectures on those subjects of burning interest—hysteria, the problem of immortality, the brain and its thought processes—lectures which were always crowded to the last seat, for to hear Schleich speak was to return to his books with an added absorption, his personality being as magnetic as his pen.

It is interesting to note that Schleich was a strong opponent of cremation—he held that the infinitesimal microscopic particles which contain the individuality of the person and which in earth burial return to the ground and continue in eternal transfusion to transmit their properties through living organisms, can only be destroyed by fire—therefore the person who wilfully gives his body to the flame deliberately destroys the hope of persistence in the race of the cells of his individuality. In support of his theories, Schleich pointed out that all nations practising cremation have degenerated and vanished from the world's stage. Fascinating, too, was his theory of the intimate relationship of all things. Touching the red plush curtain behind him as he spoke, on one occasion, he opened vistas by explaining that his finger tips could apprehend the substance and softness of this so called dead fabric only because certain cells of sympathy in its cosmic composition responded to those of his body. He was no materialist, and one of his most fascinating lectures was an exposure of the fallacy that the intricate mechanisms of the human being can be likened to a machine, because of certain exterior similarities. What machine, Schleich argued in a particularly telling moment, has the power automatically to renew its worn out parts as man is continually renewing every part of his body?

A very important work is "Gestalt Wandel der Götter" by Professor Leopold Ziegler, an examination of the conception of the divine from the earliest times to the present. Professor Ziegler is one of the circle assembled about Count Keyserling in connection with the School of Wisdom at Darmstadt. His work shows us in pictures of dramatic intensity the inception, growth, and decay of the various religious forms which have dominated the mind of the God seeker, man. It is philosophy pulsing with humanity—a piercing into the first and last things without pedantry or prejudice.

As an example of Professor Ziegler's captivating originality of presentation may be mentioned his portrayal of the manner of thought of the ancient Greek. We are so accustomed to the wonder myths of the Greeks that we are utterly unable to apprehend the point of view of the people to whom these legends were a belief and the rule and guide of their daily life. Professor Ziegler points out that to the ancient Greek nothing was profane —everything surrounding him, every act of life and death, every movement of nature, every phenomenon of being, was associated with a deity—it was in its nature sacred or an attribute of deity. Another new thought to us is that the Homeric Greek never knew that yearning for the unattainable which afflicts the moderns. For him

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everything that was needed for heart and soul was within the region of possible attainment. He had his cares and his sorrows, but he had no *Weltschmerz*.

Another work of permanent value and significance is "Die Rolle der Erotik in der Männlichen Gesellschaft" (The Part Played by Erotics in Masculine Society) by Hans Blüher. This is one of those books, destined perhaps to form the stepping stone for a new departure in thought, arising out of Freud's theory of psychoanalysis. It is, however, much more than a mere book about psychoanalysis. It is an examination into the obscure and still entirely unknown primitive urge which has caused the human being to form the organization of a state, whereas no animal gets further than the formation of a herd. It sets forth the essential opposition between the concept of the state and the concept of the family. The book is so clearly and comprehensibly written that the veriest layman can follow theories whose inception demanded immense knowledge and a starry daring of original thought. Other experts will no doubt arise and attempt to demolish Professor Blüher's bold thesis that the bond between man and man is necessarily tinged with the erotic. None the less the book is more than a book—it is a deed and a milestone.

Since his mystic-satiric-poetic "Spiegelmensch" the litterateur looks with particular interest for a new book by Franz Werfel. This time it is a peasant drama, pulsing with dramatic life and the wild red blood of primitive natures. Werfel calls the book "Bocksgesang" (The Song of the Buck)—he might have called it "The Great God Pan". Such a nature force, such an unbridled, fierce, and withal tragic figure is his monster, a misshapen thing kept hidden until man's estate by the rich farmer couple whose shame he is—until he breaks loose and the well ordered betrothal festival of the farmer's second son and the almost Shavian Stanja gives way to a frenzied confusion of popular uproar, revolt, battles, and fiery death. Werfel, whose dramatic talent becomes more evident with every piece he writes, has understood how to refine this material and weave in psychologically good and sympathetic character studies. He has set his scene in a small Slavic community at the beginning of the last century, so that the belief in signs and wonders common to rich and poor is well motivated. Even in the printed play the sense of the unearthly and the impending woe is never lost—on the stage the effect would probably be terrific. With sure instinct Werfel avoids giving us a direct sight of his monster.

These are a few of the more striking recent works. They stretch into vastly different spheres of thought, yet each is in its way of great significance. Another dip in this immense caldron of ideas, thought, and creative fury would probably produce a second selection of equal value. Inexhaustible are the intellectual reserves of this amazing land.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

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THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY CLUB SERVICE

The editor of THE BOOKMAN *and his advisers and associates will answer promptly and to the best of their ability, any question confronting any literary club. Such questions should be addressed "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Literary Club Service".*

Commencing with the August number of THE BOOKMAN *a series of club programs will be announced. These programs will be supplemented by essays and bibliographies on the subjects involved. Various other magazines have promised to cooperate with us in publishing correlated articles. These programs will be formed not by the editors of this magazine, but by a board of advice which is now being formed and which will include names from various lines of literary thought in America, so that the result will represent no one group. We believe that this service and these programs will give to our readers, whether or not they be club members, a clear understanding both of the history and the present current of American writing.* THE BOOKMAN *announces also a Bureau of Lecturers, which will enable the small literary club to obtain excellent speakers at moderate rates.*

The following information on the modern drama, compiled by Kenneth Andrews, may prove suggestive for a year's program or, in abbreviated form, for an afternoon's study.

I THINK the study of drama should be a pleasure rather than a duty self-imposed for the purpose of adding to one's store of facts. Therefore there is a very simple purpose behind this program I have drawn up. First, it is designed to deepen one's pleasure in the theatre of the present. Second, it may develop a definite attitude toward drama, without making one a critical vivisectionist of the plays one sees in the theatre.

Perhaps the most important thing is to keep our illusions. So it may be better to strive to *appreciate* rather than analyze; to regard plays as stories first of all, for that is, of course, what they are. In other words, I think the plays themselves should be studied rather than analytical textbooks about them. By grouping plays which in themselves exemplify certain types of drama and suggest (when grouped) certain trends of drama, we may be able to form our own theories as to which of the current plays are significant, and what they are significant of. If in our study we confine ourselves to the fables of the playwrights—and surrender ourselves first of all to their creative moods—we may accomplish this purpose without losing our illusions or becoming overtechnical.

However, some background is helpful and necessary. A few books of opinion might well be sandwiched in with the reading of the plays themselves. I suggest that the following be read, preferably in the order named:

Archer, William. *Playmaking.* Small, Maynard and Co. 1912.

Burton, Richard. *How to See a Play.* The Macmillan Co. 1914.

Clark, Barrett H. *European Theories of the Drama.* Stewart and Kidd Co. 1918.

Henderson, Archibald. *European Dramatists.* Stewart and Kidd Co. 1912.
The Changing Drama. Stewart and Kidd Co. 1919.

Moses, Montrose J. *The American Dramatist.* Little, Brown and Co. 1911.

Lewisohn, Ludwig. *The Modern Drama.* B. W. Huebsch. 1915.
The Drama and the Stage. Harcourt, Brace and Co. 1922.

For the program of actual study I would suggest the following ten groups of plays:

GROUP I

Pinero, Sir Arthur Wing. *The Gay Lord Quex.* Included in *Social Plays,* vol. 2. E. P. Dutton and Co.

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Fitch, Clyde. *Beau Brummel.* John Lane Co. 1908.
Thomas, Augustus. *The Witching Hour.* Included in T. H. Dickinson's *Chief Contemporary Dramatists.* Houghton Mifflin Co. 1915.
Dane, Clemence. *A Bill of Divorcement.* The Macmillan Co. 1921.
Shaw, George Bernard. *Candida.* Included in *Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant,* vol. 2. Brentano's. 1916.

These plays are excellent examples of the "well made play". Each of them is clearly, firmly constructed. They illustrate (save in the case of "Candida") what great technical proficiency can do to exalt material which is in itself rather conventional and even stagy. If Archer's "Playmaking" is read in connection with these plays, one's ideas of what a technically correct play is, might be clarified.

GROUP II

Ibsen, Henrik. *A Doll's House.* Included in *The Collected Works of Ibsen,* vol. 7. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1912.
Houghton, Stanley. *Hindle Wakes.* London: Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd. 1912. Included in *The Works of Stanley Houghton.* John W. Luce and Co. 1913.
Pinero, Sir Arthur Wing. *Iris.* Included in *Social Plays,* vol. 2.
Fitch, Clyde. *The Truth.* The Macmillan Co. 1907. Included in Dickinson's *Chief Contemporary Dramatists.*
Moody, William Vaughn. *The Great Divide.* The Macmillan Co. 1919. Included in Dickinson's *Chief Contemporary Dramatists.*
Richman, Arthur. *Ambush.* Duffield and Co. 1922.
Gale, Zona. *Miss Lulu Bett.* D. Appleton and Co. 1921.

Also "well made plays", all of them; but in addition they illustrate, very roughly of course, a trend in modern drama which began with "A Doll's House". In each of them the action grows straight out of the character of the leading person in the story. The play is merely the inexorable following through to the logical outcome of one person's inevitable development.

GROUP III

Brieux, Eugene. *Damaged Goods.* Included in *Three Plays.* Brentano's. 1911.
Hauptmann, Gerhart. *The Weavers.* B. W. Huebsch. 1911. Included in Dickinson's *Chief Contemporary Dramatists.*
Galsworthy, John. *Strife.* Included in *Plays,* first series. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1916. Also in Dickinson's *Chief Contemporary Dramatists.*
Shaw, George Bernard. *The Doctor's Dilemma.* Brentano's. 1915.
Galsworthy, John. *The Mob.* Charles Scribner's Sons. 1921. Included in *Plays,* third series. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1914.
Ibsen, Henrik. *An Enemy of the People.* Included in *The Collected Works of Ibsen,* vol. 8.
Zangwill, Israel. *The Melting Pot.* The Macmillan Co. 1911.
O'Neill, Eugene. *The Hairy Ape.* To be published by Boni and Liveright.

The plays in this group express a definite social point of view. All, with the possible exception of "The Melting Pot", are passionate attacks on the existing order of things. The interesting thing to observe in such plays—to determine whether they are really significant *as drama*—is the success with which the author has cast his propaganda into the mold of the "well made play", and whether he makes his protagonist a real person whose character generates the action. So the study of this group follows naturally the study of Groups I and II.

GROUP IV

Rostand, Edmond. *Cyrano de Bergerac.* F. Rullman Co. 190—. Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1899. Included in Dickinson's *Chief Contemporary Dramatists,* second series. Houghton Mifflin Co. 1921. Also in *Plays of Edmond Rostand.* The Macmillan Co. 1921.
Shaw, George Bernard. *Androcles and the Lion.* Brentano's. 1916.
Shaw, George Bernard. *Heartbreak House.* Brentano's. 1919.
Synge, J. M. *The Playboy of the Western World.* John W. Luce and Co. 1911.
Kaufman, George S. and Connelly, Marc. *Dulcy.* G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1921.
Bennett, Arnold. *What the Public Wants.* George H. Doran Company. 1911.

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These plays are all good examples of modern satire. They do not exactly derive from "Cyrano de Bergerac" but one's mind naturally goes back to that play when considering the modern type of satire. This grouping, it would seem, follows rather naturally after Group III because satire also is essentially an attack on something. It is interesting to compare the methods of attack and also test the plays as "well made plays" and for their character portrayal.

GROUP V

Shaw, George Bernard. *You Never Can Tell.* Brentano's. 1915.
Shaw, George Bernard. *Man and Superman.* Brentano's. 1916.
Barrie, Sir James M. *The Admirable Crichton.* Included in *Plays of J. M. Barrie.* Charles Scribner's Sons. 1918.
Jones, Henry Arthur. *Saints and Sinners.* The Macmillan Co. 1891.
Pinero, Sir Arthur Wing. *His House in Order.* Included in *Social Plays,* vol. 3.

These plays might be regarded as examples of good comedy. There is a difference—a distinct difference—between comedy and light comedy but it is sometimes rather difficult to define. Also the line between honest satire and straight comedy is rather a narrow one. Of course the simplest way to differentiate among these three types of plays is to decide what is the author's chief interest in the case. In comedy his story and people are featured. In satire it is the ironic idea behind the story. In light comedy it is more the treatment of a fanciful conception.

GROUP VI

Jones, Henry Arthur. *Mary Goes First.* Doubleday, Page and Co. 1915.
Mitchell, Langdon Elwyn. *The New York Idea.* Walter H. Baker Co. 1908. Included in A. H. Quinn's *Representative American Plays.* The Century Co. 1917.
Varesi, Gilda and Byrne, Dolly. *Enter Madame.* G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1921.
Milne, A. A. *Mr. Pim Passes By.* Included in *Second Plays,* to be published by Alfred A. Knopf.

These are all strictly light comedies. They differ from farce only in the honesty with which the people are portrayed. The people themselves are real but the situations in which they find themselves in the course of the stories range between the farcical and the fanciful. It might be interesting to compare the different methods of treatment in these plays with those in the preceding group.

GROUP VII

Parker, Louis N. *Pomander Walk.* Samuel French. 1915.
Maeterlinck, Maurice. *The Blue Bird.* Dodd, Mead and Co. 1909.
Calthrop, Dion Clayton and Barker, Granville. *Harlequinade.* Little, Brown and Co. 1918.
Shaw, George Bernard. *Pygmalion.* Brentano's. 1916.
Dunsany, Lord. *If.* G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1922.

These are all plays of fantasy and it is noteworthy that there are no plays of American authorship among them. Why it is that American authors are not skilful in writing either light comedy or fantasy, might be amusing to work out. Also the plays in this group, when contrasted with those in the preceding group, may suggest just how fantasy differs from light comedy.

GROUP VIII

Ibsen, Henrik. *Little Eyolf.* Included in *The Collected Works of Ibsen,* vol. 11. *Ghosts.* Included in *The Collected Works of Ibsen,* vol. 7.
Barker, Granville. *Waste.* Little, Brown and Co. 1916.
Masefield, John. *The Tragedy of Nan.* Included in *Poems and Plays,* vol. 2. The Macmillan Co. 1919.
Sudermann, Hermann. *The Joy of Living.* Charles Scribner's Sons. 1916.

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Strindberg, August. *The Father.* Included in Dickinson's *Chief Contemporary Dramatists.*
Galsworthy, John. *Justice.* Included in *Plays,* second series. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1913.
O'Neill, Eugene. *The Straw.* Included in *The Emperor Jones, Diff'rent, The Straw.* Boni and Liveright. 1921.

These plays of course are all tragedies. They are tragedies, however, in the modern sense. No better brief explanation of the modern conception of tragedy can be found perhaps than Masefield's preface to "The Tragedy of Nan".

GROUP IX

Ibsen, Henrik. *Hedda Gabler.* Included in *The Collected Works of Ibsen,* vol. 10.
Sudermann, Hermann. *Magda.* Samuel French. 1895.
Molnar, Franz. *Liliom.* Boni and Liveright. 1921.
O'Neill, Eugene. *The Emperor Jones.* Included in *The Emperor Jones, Diff'rent, The Straw.*

These plays represent quite a special type. They are in a sense tragedy but they also have a distinct blood relationship with the plays listed in Group II. They might be called biographical plays since they depend in each case on the ruthless analysis of a single person.

GROUP X

Masefield, John. *Philip, the King.* Included in *Poems and Plays,* vol. 2.
Shaw, George Bernard. *The Man of Destiny.* Included in *Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant,* vol. 2.
Peabody, Josephine Preston. *Portrait of Mrs. W.* Houghton Mifflin Co. 1922.
Drinkwater, John. *Abraham Lincoln.* Houghton Mifflin Co. 1919. Included in Dickinson's *Chief Contemporary Dramatists,* second series.
Moeller, Philip. *Molière.* Alfred A. Knopf. 1919.
Dane, Clemence. *Will Shakespeare.* The Macmillan Co. 1922.

Each of these plays also is a drama of a person's life. But they are historical in purpose rather than analytical. They show what is required of the dramatist when he seeks to condense into what is really a short story the chief phases of a life.

Any such grouping must be arbitrary. The plays in Group I, for instance, have only one quality in common: they are all exceptionally well constructed pieces of dramatic writing. In the second group we have a study which is — from one viewpoint — just a little more advanced. The playwrights here, by means of meticulous character portrayal, have sought to express a definite thought, a definite conviction about some phase of the human comedy. Going on to Group III we may mark something of a "trend". These plays chronologically do not follow those in Group II but, when placed after them, they do illustrate how the dramatists of the last few decades have more and more effectively adapted stage technique to the expression of serious opinion. In Group IV we carry on the same line of development into a more exacting, sophisticated medium.

With Group V we really pick up another trail. We enjoy a well made *comedy* more if we know what a well made *play* is.

The last three groups lie in still another branch of the family whose ancestor is the "well made play". In tragedy the playwright's problem is much simpler. The play need merely achieve plausibility, then he is quite free. So a logical character analysis like "Hedda Gabbler" or "Liliom" is an intensified and specialized form of tragedy.

Thus, beginning with plays which are more or less classical models of their type, we follow through three different lines of development up to contemporaneous examples.

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THE BOOKMAN'S SERVICE FOR WRITERS

LOOKING OVER THE SYNDICATE MARKET

An Answer by Alexander Van Rensselaer

THE question has been asked, Can you tell me how I should proceed to market short syndicate material for newspapers?

Syndicate material is handled for the most part in three different ways: through established syndicates, through the syndicate departments of the metropolitan newspapers and publishing houses, and through the efforts of individual writers.

Practically all of the established syndicates either employ a highly trained staff of feature writers and illustrators, or else depend entirely upon the work of such internationally famous writers and illustrators as G. K. Chesterton, Stephen Leacock, Fontaine Fox, Briggs, etc. These syndicates rarely, if ever, consider unsolicited manuscripts.

With a few exceptions the syndicate department of a metropolitan newspaper or publishing house handles only the second serial rights to the material that has been bought for the use of that particular newspaper or publishing house. In the case of the newspapers, this material is generally prepared by their own editors, reporters, feature writers, and correspondents, although unsolicited manuscripts are sometimes accepted. Most of these manuscripts are bought outright at the regular newspaper space rates and then resold through the syndicate department of the paper.

Some writers have syndicated their own stuff. This is done by making a special arrangement with a local newspaper whereby the paper is given permission to publish the articles in return for fifty or more advance galley proofs of the articles. These galley proofs are sent by the writer to the feature editors of fifty or more newspapers scattered throughout the country, with a letter stating that they may use the articles on certain dates for four or five dollars, or whatever amount the author desires to charge — newspapers having large circulations being charged more than the papers with small circulations. Writers who have tried this have told me that the results of their efforts have not been altogether satisfactory, as the small amount received from the newspapers scarcely repays them for the cost of sending out the proofs with letters, the difficulty of collecting from the papers that agree to take the material, and the time spent on preparing the articles and conducting the necessary correspondence.

Syndicate material is far from easy to prepare, and I know several well known writers who have been disappointing failures in this branch of journalism. The writer of syndicate material has to solve the problem of interesting a tremendous audience, which often numbers more than several million readers. The syndicate feature should be original, entertaining, easily understood, and of universal interest. Unless a writer can approximate this ideal he cannot hope for success in this field.

The best way in which to market this type of material is by first preparing four or five of the articles of a proposed series, and then sending them around with an explanation of the basic idea and scope of the series. The first thing that will be considered by the syndicate editor is the originality of the idea. If in the letter of explanation the writer states that his proposed series is "after the same idea as the Walt Mason (or the Frank Crane, or the F.P.A., or anyone else) syndicated matter and other similar items" his idea will probably be rejected without further consideration. On the other hand, if he shows that his work is quite different from the features turned out by Walt Mason and all the others, the syndicate editor will undoubtedly give his sample manuscripts careful attention to determine whether or not what the writer says about them is true. The editor will then consider the interest of the subject and the manner in which it has been presented. Finally, he will decide whether or not it is the sort of thing he can use profitably. If he decides to accept it he may offer a definite sum for all serial rights to the entire series, or he may agree to pay a certain percentage of the total receipts from that particular series, according to the merits of the material and the reputation of the writer.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

IF only people would read more of the poetry of Shelley, how much better a world it would be! We have always believed that a greater understanding was to be gained of the highest in lyric passion and joy, of the true nature of poetic ecstasy, from Shelley's poems than from those of any other poet. If we advocated forcing anything at all on children, one of the first rules we should sponsor would be the passing of a law that every child before the age of ten must learn "The Cloud", and that no young person unless he did it of his own volition after reaching his majority, should learn "The Village Blacksmith". At any rate, with the anniversary of Shelley's death upon us, it is to be hoped that we will turn more often to those glittering pages.

The writers of America, apparently, will flock en masse for Europe this summer. We wonder why they do not charter a steamer. We, ourself, are going to France as a cabin boy; and we could think of nothing more delightful than to bring Hamlin Garland, on his way to England for some months, his shaving water; or to place Leonora Speyer's deck chair for her (she will spend the summer in Munich); or to quarrel with J. V. A. Weaver over the latest bit of slang (he has rented a bungalow in the south of France); or to bring Harrison Rhodes a warm blanket (he is going to Italy for an indefinite stay and may not even see the first night of his new play to be produced by Henry Miller in the fall); or to smile hopefully at Dorothy Speare (who will spend the fall and winter in Nice studying with Jean de Reszke and return for the production of her play made from "Dancers in the Dark" in collaboration with David Belasco). So it would go. We wonder how our temper would withstand the rigors of such a voyage! However, two authors and their wives have just returned to this country. Sinclair Lewis, with the manuscript of "Babbitt" safely tucked under his arm, a novel which we are told is fundamentally "human" and about "a man not a town". Mr. Lewis has not changed one whit—perhaps he is a trifle less nervous than he was—and he has not added English tones to his middle western twang. Stephen Vincent Benét arrived at the same time, with plans for dramatizing a short story, and with hopes for his new novel, "Young People's Pride", which started serialization in the June number of "Harper's Bazar". Both these authors are to reside in the suburbs, the Lewises at Forest Hills, Long Island; the Benéts at Scarsdale, New York.

"Casuals of the Sea" has just been reissued as one of the volumes in the new Doubleday, Page Lambskin Library. William McFee never told us a thing about that fact, though he did show us the proofs of his new novel which is appearing serially in "Harper's Magazine", when we paid a visit to his ship the "Carrillo" on her latest trip to New York harbor. She's a fine ship, and Mr. McFee, her chief engineer, is justly proud of her. We found him in his cabin, and after he'd showed us a batch of books he'd bought to read on the next voyage, we

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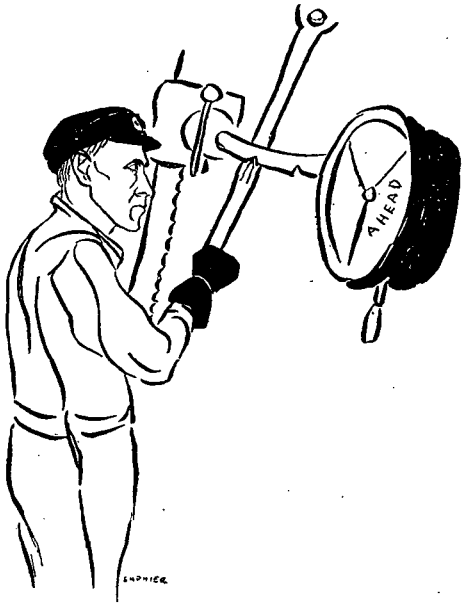
started for a tour of the engine rooms. There is no setting for the stokers of "The Hairy Ape" on the "Carrillo".



William McFee

She is an oil burner now, converted. Mr. McFee showed us the chalkings, however, where he had calculated her fuel supply on the last voyage she made with coal furnaces. We peered into the oil tanks, we looked into the blinding beauty of the one burner which was flaming. We crept about to see the huge fans which are kept constantly in service during a voyage to preserve the precious cargo of bananas. Then, to the saloon, which is a neat and dignified one, and on deck, where McFee does not spend most of his time. But alas, it was quickly over. Mr. McFee tells us that Ralph Paine has taken passage on the "Carrillo" for a voyage soon. Those two writers of sea yarns should have a good talk when they get away from shore together!

When we returned from a rapid trip to various rapid towns and cities about the country, we felt as though we understood literary America better than we ever had before, better perhaps than almost anyone else in the world. That did not last long, however. After we had settled down a bit, we realized that it is impossible to know *anything* concerning literary America. One can only guess. It's too large a problem. However, we had a most pleasant experience, and met so many charming people that we would like to introduce you to them all here. Only we can't. There were too many! Wilmington is filled with memories of Howard Pyle. The new public library is to have its Howard Pyle room with murals taken from Mr. Pyle's house. The librarian told us of whist games with the artist-author, and the library is rich in autograph copies of his books. The Greenwood Bookshop, with Mrs. Steinlein at its head, is one of the gayest bookshops we have ever seen. It is so filled with sunlight and flowers that it seems scarcely like a shop at all. Why is it that most bookshops are dusty and musty and, if clean, at least dark? Washington in springtime is without question one of the beauty spots of the world. The Silver Jubilee and First Biennial Convention of the League of American Penwomen was, indubitably, an impressive affair. It was interesting to hear Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, John J. Pershing, Admiral Koontz, etc., speaking in praise of the feminine "pen pusher". Such an organization as the Penwomen under its new president, Mrs. Louis N. Geldert, might do a great deal toward spreading a healthy interest in books and reading, and encouraging the young writers in outlying districts where very real talents

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sometimes die for want of kindly advice. We enjoyed a ride through Virginia with young Alan Rinehart, who is now a reporter on the Washington "News", the recently founded Scripps paper. His mother, we found as vivid and as busy as ever. In her study, we could not help seeing bits of scenario for the new play on which she is at work. The unruly wind blew them here and there and everywhere. "The Breaking Point", her romance and mystery story, is on the fall schedule. In Washington, too, we met another woman whom we have always admired and wanted for many years to meet, Lizette Woodworth Reese, a shy little woman, with gentle ways and enchanting old-world grace. She has written several of the best sonnets America has produced. Then, too, while in Washington it was our duty and pleasure to call on Robert Lincoln. In an old colonial house on a side street, in a hall looking out on a sunny garden, with a portrait of his great father at the right and winding thin-railed stairs beyond, announced by a thin-legged darky servant, came this soft-voiced, burly old man. He does not look nor seem old, though he will tell you that he is weary of the rush of the world and prefers his quaint retirement. It was a curious sensation, stepping from the sunny street into the presence of this courtly gentleman, the son of one of the world's great heroes. It was almost as though one had been granted an audience with royalty. We remember the awe with which in our boyhood we used to watch General Otis Howard, because, we were told, "he was a friend of Lincoln's". Now, we have talked with Lincoln's son!

New Mexico is fast becoming a refuge for artists and authors weary of cities, or the drabness of New England, and on a search for the restful and the picturesque. Witter Bynner writes us from there:

> After three more weeks here, I shall visit some of my "verse pupils" on the Coast. Meantime I shall continue finding new adventures in this most uncannily vivid section of the U. S. One travels across an apparently continuous reach of desert—sagebrush, piñons—suddenly into the earth opens a great Gothic canyon, with the Rio Grande hidden in it. Similarly one traverses a grey stretch of life—mud houses, drowsy looking people—suddenly one sees in an Indian pueblo a dance, gravely, sublimely beautiful, a hundred men in a long perfection of rhythm, bodily and vocal, or in a Mexican village at night a small chanting procession, lit only by a lantern or two and sequestered from onlookers, in which two men are lashing their own bent, gory backs with cactus thongs, the constant cruel thwacks audible even after the lanterns have moved out of sight toward a cross in the hills.
>
> And there are artists here galore—more paint brushes than trees. And in the midst of sights worthy of master recorders, interpreters, commentators, celebrants—there is no end of paint for paint's sake.
>
> There are poets also: Alice Corbin Henderson rapidly becoming a native; a while ago, Vachel Lindsay, off in the hills; two youngsters, Maurice Lesemann and Yvon Winters; two weeks ago, Carl Sandburg slouching around on a horse, with his leather cap pulled down flatter than the desert; and, perhaps for the summer, if I can find a mud house to contain and content me and Corona, and if I continue feeling myself in a Chinese landscape among Chinese people, your garrulous friend.

We have grown weary of the theatre. Perhaps it is the time of year, perhaps it is the quality of plays we have seen—though this last can't be true, for we were present at the first night of the revival of Stanley Houghton's "Hindle Wakes", now called "Fanny Hawthorn", and found it an exceedingly well acted play. Strange phenomenon that! A play which, produced some years ago, caused a sensation because of its frank discussion of sex, is received

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without a ripple now. The recent discussion by civil authorities of whether or not Eugene O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape" should be suppressed was too absurd to consider even for a moment. The mind which finds the salacious palatable and the merely frank unbearable is all too common, else there would be more talk of suppressing such plays as "The Rubicon" and "The Demi-Virgin" and no thought at all of molesting Eugene O'Neill. Which reminds us of that delightful scene in this year's "Equity Show" in which Anna Christie, the Demi-Virgin, and Kiki, meeting in a cabaret, expose some secrets of the theatrical trade. We'd like to go rambling on about numerous other scenes, grave and gay, presented by the most amazing assemblage of stars which Your Gossip has ever beheld in one place at one time. But we'll have to content ourself with the affirmation that we remained throughout the four and a half hours' performance, and never once squirmed with boredom. Two pieces of magnificent acting, at least, we have seen recently, a truly great performance of "Othello" and Alice Brady's superb few moments in one act of "Drifting" which she did recently at the Palace. How she gripped and held that vaudeville audience! Here is an actress with both magnetism and emotional power. She is at once the swaggering gamine and the deeply moved woman, with a rich voice that has unusual range and character. Her monologue in the final moments of this melodramatic sketch lifted it to a plane that was high indeed. At the Irving Place Theatre, Grasso and Aguglia in an Italian "Othello" was an evening not soon to be forgotten. Mimi Aguglia is probably better in a play which allows her to show her Sicilian verve. However, she was an effective Desdemona to Grasso's almost unbelievable "Othello". His portrayal of inchoate and animal-like rage and of attempted self-control in the temptation scene, inspired sheer terror. A beast, a madman, yet a tender lover; hideous in his high moments, yet in the shuddering death a pathetic rather than a tragic figure. He is leaving, we hear, with his company for a season in Texas, or is it Mexico? At any rate, "Bravo, Grasso!", and may you return soon. A unique experience was a trip to Harlem to see three one act plays given by the Acme Players, an amateur organization of negroes. Although, in order to secure a theatre, it was necessary to give the performance from midnight on, the house was well filled and enthusiastic. We enjoyed every moment of it. The negro is a born actor. The first play, written by one of the performers, Frank H. Wilson, called "Confidence", was a simple domestic triangle play, rather rude in construction but so skilfully acted that its comedy and drama came across the footlights with unexpected vividness. There are strong hopes of a theatre for this group in Harlem, according to Anne Wolter, who manages the company. We can assure the Acme Players of one earnest patron. We hope, however, that when they have their own playhouse, they will do plays by themselves of a more native variety. But why quarrel with what was an excellent performance in many ways?

Some exquisitely delicate and precise silver points by Joseph Stella, a snow scene, charming in color, by Emile Blanchard, and Robert Laurent's fascinating wood carving called "Aquatic Plant", were the things that most interested us at the Annual Ex-

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hibition of Modern Art at the Bourgeois Galleries. Of the rest our impressions were rather mixed. *Some* of the landscapes and flower paintings seemed almost worthy, for hardness and brightness, of travel advertisements, or even of illustrated books on "How to Know the Plants". But others were curiously reminiscent of the backgrounds of Italian "Primitives". Indeed, this echo from the Primitives seemed (to borrow from Hermione) distinctly the "note" of the exhibition. The exhibition of the Allied Artists of America seemed to us pleasant but unexciting, with many agreeable paintings (of those boats and cows and other objects which seem always to appear conveniently upon the horizon wherever two or three are gathered together with a box of colors and canvas or a pad of Whatman paper)—and no cubist or ultra-modern work. The International Woodblock Show was the sort of thing that delights our soul. (We must have a dusty, bookish soul that hugs its bondage to print and paper and loves anything connected with the printing processes, whether in black and white or color.) At any rate, we found the exhibition extremely interesting, especially the English work, which we liked best of all. The Czecho-Slovakian contributions were oddly old-fashioned, outmoded, the German somewhat dull. Unfortunately, some of the French work was diverted in shipment and failed to arrive—an especial pity since what came does not at all fairly represent the French artists. America showed creditably alongside the others, particularly in the work of J. J. A. Murphy, startling in its vivid blacks and whites, with hardly any halftones at all. Nash, among the English, is very modernistic and equally effective. Sydney Lee's "Top of the Hill" is one of the most delightful things we remember encountering in the exhibition.

During the past ten days at least twenty-five young men and women who have recently been graduated from college or are about to be graduated, have called on us, either to apply directly for a position or to ask for suggestions as to ways and means of entering the literary field. After a consideration of their individual problems, this much seems clear in these days when unoccupied positions, particularly in New York City, are practically non-existent, and "jobs" are rare: for the college man or woman who wishes to take up writing as a means to earn bread and butter, a period of some sort of apprenticeship is absolutely necessary. Either the work of a journalist which brings immediate contact with a variety of people, or labor which provides more direct contact—in steel mills, at sea, or behind the scenes of the theatre. The college bred man usually has nothing to write of except adolescence or what he finds in books. This study of life is necessarily part of the equipment of a writer. Few of our authors are to be found in editorial offices. The seeking of editorial positions is a sorry thing; our advice to anyone who wants to write is: get a "real job", not an "editorial position". In this connection the following experiment of the University of Wisconsin may be interesting, though just how valuable, we don't know.

At any rate, the New York City branch of the Alumni Association of the university has established an annual scholarship of the value of $700, named "The Zona Gale Scholarship" in honor of that distinguished gradu-

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ate of the university. This scholarship will be awarded to a student who has shown that he possesses special talent of an unusually high order, and who wishes to spend all his time in the university in pursuing courses which he thinks will develop his special talent, without being required to complete studies in which he has little or no interest. He will not be compelled to satisfy the regular entrance requirements if he is deficient therein. Nor is it essential that he should have completed the usual high school course of study. Such a student will not of course be a candidate for a university degree. This scholarship is open to any person in any part of the country who has given evidence of exceptional creative ability in any field of human interest or activity. Nominations for the scholarship may be made to the registrar of the university by superintendents or principals of schools, by teachers, or by anyone else. The nomination must be accompanied by adequate evidence showing that the candidate possesses unusual original talent and sound character, and that he would be able to utilize profitably the advantages offered by the university for the development of his talent. There are no restrictions in respect to age, sex or race. There are many young men who want to write, who would be helped by living for a while in a university library, with *advice* from the academic dons and few restrictions as long as they were sincere workers—and it is usually possible to tell a sincere worker without recourse to conventional marking systems.

In the April magazines we found a few exceedingly fine poems. "The Young Beauty" by Lizette Woodworth Reese in "The Lyric West", "Portrait of a Sailor" by Milton Raison in "The Century", "Washington Monument by Night" by Carl Sandburg in "Harper's", "Hag-Hollerin' Time" by Hervey Allen in "Poetry", and "Sunrise Trumpets" by Joseph Auslander in "The New Republic".

We always return from Chicago breathless. There is no town quite like it in the world. Our head whirls. We determine to move our office to some not-so-tall building overlooking Michigan Avenue. For a time we are lonely for the "loop"; in fact, we never quite forget it. The last trip we took was the pleasantest we ever had. There was the old crowd at Schlogl's: Ben Hecht, as voluble as ever, with a play coming on soon and a new novel also on the way; Harry Hansen of the "News" book page as usual intending to write a book; Carl Sandburg, working hard at his fairy stories and lecturing several times a week in outlying towns; and many more. There was the White Paper Club, with Emerson Hough, modest over the high praise given "The Covered Wagon", his new story, and more interested in his next fishing trip than in talking of himself; "Uncle Jim" McNally, who believes that most publishers must some day move to Chicago; the Reilly brothers of Reilly and Lee with enthusiastic accounts of a recent trip with the balladist Eddie Guest (with whom we talked for a brief moment on the phone); Earl Fisk, come down from Green Bay, Wisconsin, to indulge his enthusiasm for rare books and the theatre; George Marion, playing in Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie", brought in as guest and entertainer with an Italian monologue

Emerson Hough

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that set the rafters ringing. There were the bookshops and stores, with a new crop of bookseller-poets; George Hahner attempting to convince his wife, Marcella Burns Hahner, and the champion novel reader, Rose Oller, that gardening is the only real recreation from a remarkably successful book season at Marshall Field's; Will Solle of Kroch's, collecting the children in his particular suburb to test the new books on them; Fanny Butcher about to be married; Bigelow and Drury, selling gay titles by day to the flapper trade and writing ambitiously by night. There was Evanston, where Miss Wright of the library introduced us to Louise Ayres Garnett, who sang us some of her delightful children's songs; to Helen Coale Crew, who did not recite her poetry; to Edwin Balmer, whose new novel is to appear shortly and whose ideas on writing in America are individual and stimulating (we very nearly came to blows in public over a comparison of Eugene Field and Amy Lowell, then, in private, promptly became stanch allies); to Gene Markey, with a portfolio filled with caricatures, and to Keith Preston, now conducting a daily column in the "News" (to both of whom an introduction was really unnecessary). There was Chicago University, where Dean David Robertson proved a delightful guide and his wife presented us with a four leaf clover plucked from the midway; where we met Robert Herrick (long admired) and heard, with anticipation, that he has written another novel after a silence of some eight years; where we attended college chapel and were overwhelmed by the size of the congregation and its coeducational character; where John Gunther, an eager undergraduate writer, seems to have caused a commotion by a well written but somewhat over-emphasized article on the university in a recent number of "The Smart Set"; where there appears to be a flourishing undergraduate Poetry Society, and where the John Billings Fiske Prize in Poetry has this year been awarded to Bertha Ten Eyck James for her "Through the Year". There were the offices of the Chicago "Defender", a negro weekly with some 250,000 circulation, where Mr. Abbott, its energetic owner, made a vivid impression and followed it by a delightful party at which his assistant, A. L. Jackson, introduced us to a pleasant group of his associates vitally and keenly interested in the literary development of the negro. There was a meeting of the Chicago Literary Club, an organization of business men of years' standing, which is unique in character, and meets weekly to discuss sociology and letters. Here Llewellyn Jones, the critic of the "Evening Post", read an able paper on "Civilization in America". There was the new office of "Poetry", where Harriet Monroe sat, much disturbed because it was not yet in order, and Marion Strobel, Eunice Tietjens, and Mark Turbyfill finally convinced her to come with us for tea, and where we just missed seeing Henry B. Fuller, whom we were more anxious to meet than many another. There was "Le Petit Gourmet", a charming café run by Mrs. William Vaughn Moody, where a group of young people said gracious words to us, and we tried to say gracious words to them—among them were the gentlemen who issue the "Musterbook", a publication which we promised to understand, and which we have miserably failed to comprehend. Said one of them to us, "You cannot tell but that this is an important movement in art." We are stumped.

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We cannot. Perhaps it is. Who knows? Also, perhaps it isn't. At any rate these chapbooks should interest those who collect literary curiosities and do not read them, and possibly those who collect them and do read them. The following poem by Yvon Winters occupies one whole page.

Sunrise
Pale Bees!—Oh, whither now?

We suggest:

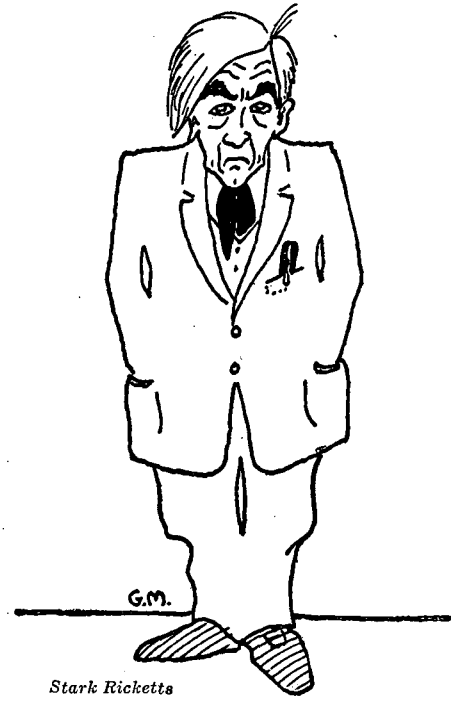
Oblivion
Musterbook?—Waddyamean?

There were the Bookfellows, with Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, much pleased over their recent breakfast to honor Edwin Markham on his seventieth birthday, and with many interesting plans for a growing organization and their own publication "The Step Ladder". Since we left, we hear that our thoroughly charming hostess, Mrs. Arthur Farwell, has started a circulating library in connection with a new shop founded to raise funds for social work. We wish her all success. In this connection we recall that we met recently in New York Arthur Womrath, one of the most energetic gentlemen in the book business. His office in New York is a hive of activity. His circulating libraries go over the country broadcast. We learned many valuable things concerning books, their authors and publishers; but at present he does not wish to be quoted. He prefers to let his stores and libraries speak for themselves. But, our advice to all publishers is: consult Mr. Womrath frequently. We are still hoping that he will do an article for us. Well, Chicago's a great town. Some day we hope to live there again (for a year, anyway!).

Gene Markey presents as the third figure in his gallery of Chicago men of letters the remarkable personality of

Ricketts the Realist

Having been commissioned to interview Stark Ricketts, I sought him at



Stark Ricketts

the gloomy room in Halsted Street wherein he does his writing, and rapped timorously upon the door. A rumbling voice bade me enter, and I found myself (not without a feeling of awe) in the presence of the author of "Squalor".

One's first impression of Stark Ricketts is of sad eyes, set in a hungry face: a quiet little man in grey. He sat on a soap box at a pine board writing table, and across the bare, cold room I observed a rusty stove which contained no fire. These, together with another soap box and an empty, foggy looking milk bottle on the window ledge, were the only articles of furniture in the cheerless chamber.

"Ah," he said, not unkindly; and

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tossing back his grey forelock, arose and wrung my hand. "You've come for the interview."

I seated myself atop the other soap box (which, upon closer inspection proved not a soap box at all, but a kippered herring case), produced my notebook, and waited expectantly.

After ten minutes Stark Ricketts began to talk.

"A realist"—he rumbled, in a slow, sad voice, fraught with all the sorrows of mankind—"a realist must write, as I do, in the midst of Life. People talk of color. Bah! The color of Life is as grey as yon unwashed milk bottle. And only in Chicago may one find Life at its greyest."

"By the way", I put in, "what do you think of Dreiser?"

"I feel", he replied, "I feel that he is not really a realist. He does not make Life sordid enough. His books present Life as being too glamorous—too cheery."

"And what", I queried, "do you think of Zola?"

"Hah!" Stark Ricketts turned upon me almost fiercely. "Zola! Zola is the man who came between me and fame!"

At this interesting juncture of the interview the door opened, and an old man—a wretched creature who might easily have been one of the realist's own characters—appeared.

"Yer chauffeur's downstairs, Mister Ricketts," announced the old man hoarsely. "He says yer wife's worried about yer ketchin' cold—comin' here t' write every day in this cold room. She'll meet ye at the Blackstone fer lunch at one o'clock. Says fer ye t' call up Charley an' reserve a table by the window. . . . . "

THE BOOKMAN is apparently the cause for the founding of a children's library in Huntingdon, Tennessee. Edwin Hall, one of the boys who won a book prize in our essay contest, writes us:

I believe you will be interested to know of our library, since your magazine was the Father of it. After my letter came out in your magazine I received many letters from people interested in boys. Most of the letters came from people who had spent their childhood in country towns and who had felt the want of something to read just as we small town boys are now feeling it. All were anxious to help and encourage the boys of Main Street. This was a revelation to me. Somehow I had it in my head that no one cared how we fared in the matter of reading. I was just a little resentful, and I'll admit that I was "boiling" inside when the Carnegie Library at Nashville refused to let me have books just because I lived outside the County.

Since my letter in your magazine, I have had about twenty-five gift books sent to me, and a school library in Dallas, Texas, offered me the loan of books from their shelves, and I have taken advantage of the Dallas Library offer. The gift books I have been sharing with my friends all the time. Several weeks ago I added my personal books to the lot, and our little "boys' library" is now open to every boy or girl in the County who likes to read, and who will treat the books with care. When this became known many of the women of the town donated books, and several boys added books to the collection. We have made it known that while we do not care how old and how battered up the books that are given us are, we want *good* books and books that will be *interesting* to young people. We have asked that donors *read* the book before giving it to us. Several magazines have been donated by our mothers. The State Library has written us in regard to a traveling library, and we will get that as soon as school is out. Soon our "library" will contain more than a hundred books—all good ones. My mother and I are looking after it now and will do so until it is large enough to be moved down town, and until we get a good place for it. . . .

In the collection of personal books that I am giving I have nearly a whole set of "Little Masterpieces", most of which I received from time to time for my stories on the Children's Page of the "Memphis Commercial Appeal".

I hope I have not worried you with this long recital, but somehow I feel like your magazine is sort of kin to our "library", and wanted to tell you about it.

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